

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,841, Vol. 71.

February 7, 1891.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

FRIDAY week saw by far the liveliest debate in the Lower House that the present Session had yielded since its autumn beginning. The names of the Tithes Redemption Commissioners having been announced, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE "called attention" (which, but for Mr. LEFEVRE, it need hardly be said, would not have been given) to the state of Ireland; and suggested compulsory arbitration (on the lines of that so well known as successful on the VANDELEUR estate) to cure the obstinate wickedness of Irish landlords. He was opposed by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, followed by Sir THOMAS ESMONDE (a red-hot Home Ruler, who, to the delight of the House, described how he had evicted a "very stupid tenant" who would not accept his landlord's reduction), by Colonel SAUNDERSON (who was effective as usual), by Mr. HEALY (who did not seem quite to know whether he hated Mr. PARNELL or Mr. BALFOUR most), and, after some others, by Mr. BALFOUR. The CHIEF SECRETARY is never happier than when he is dealing with pretentious imbecility like Mr. LEFEVRE's, which supplies just the necessary irritant and stimulant to bring him out. "If I were an Irish landlord," said Mr. BALFOUR, and the House cheered him frantically, "I would beg my bread before I would give in to the Plan of Campaign myself, or let any other landlord do so for want of my assistance." We may observe that, if a good number of Irish landlords had had this spirit, Ireland would be a loyal and prosperous country to-day. The speech would have been good in any case; it only needed to be followed, as it was, by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, to make the defeat of the motion by 213 to 152 a certainty.

In the Upper House on Monday Lord SALISBURY gave an answer of a decisive kind to Lord DELAWARE's amiable, but not too wise, anxiety about the state of health of ARABI Pasha. The PRIME MINISTER very properly refused to hold out any hopes whatever of ARABI's restoration to the country which he threw into disorder, in which he rebelled against his sovereign and military superior, and on which he brought, indirectly, indeed, one great benefit—the English occupation—but, directly, much evil. The LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord HERSHELL billed (and cooed) over the Custody of Children Bill in such a manner as to suggest that it must either be the very best or the very worst measure ever laid before Parliament. In the Commons Mr. COBB appeared in his now well-established character of ghoul; and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, with a courage and chivalry befitting the official waver of the flag that braved, undertook to defend the reputation of that Madame DE LA CRUCHE-CASSÉE among weapons, the 110-ton gun. Then the House betook itself to the Tithes Bill. Had it not been for the jibbing of Mr. GEDGE, in one of those fits of wickedness which will occasionally come upon the most respectable of members, the Bill would have got through Committee that night; as it was, the discussion had to run over till the next day.

The stage was accordingly completed on Tuesday, Mr. GEDGE having, if not the magnanimity to agree, the prudence to stay away; but before this the House of Commons had got through a considerable amount of miscellaneous business. We do not see any great justice in finding fault with the small number of members who assembled to discuss the magazine rifle, and by 108 to 74 to negative Mr. MARJORI-BANKS's motion for a Royal Commission on it. The subject is exceedingly technical; and, moreover, the principle which Mr. HANBURY, whose cross-bench mind was for once useful, asserted, was clearly the right one. Neither the House nor a Commission ought to be called in to help or to correct the paid servants of the Crown in doing its business. If they give us a bad rifle, let them bear the

responsibility of it. It was a pity that Mr. STANHOPE, who might have urged this view with dignity, preferred to urge something like it in a querulous fashion which was anything but dignified. The good side of the debate was that it showed a commendable absence of party feeling, Conservative members being quite as outspoken as any others in condemning this other weapon, which certainly seems to be like the poet's maiden, in that there are none to praise and very few to love it, except official admirers. The House also talked about Higher Education in Scotland, about the Railway Hours question, and so forth.

Wednesday was a kind of field-day in the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE bringing in (as Gladstonians had been "mentioning with hor" for some days) his third Private Member's Bill within living memory—the Bill, to wit, which has been unkindly called the Three R's Bill. He made, of course, the 21st finest speech he ever made, and was followed on the same side by, among others, Mr. ASQUITH, who, perhaps fancying himself at the Union, argued with delightful undergraduate gravity that the State ought not to concern itself with the religious opinions of its officers. And government is for the happiness of the governed, and there is much to be said on both sides as to the guilt of Queen MARY, and this House approves (or does not approve) the referring of international difficulties to arbitration, and there's milestones on the Dover road. The Bill was rejected by 256 to 223, there being a certain amount of cross-voting, and everybody knowing that, for all the solemn constitutional arguments, it was the merest *privilegium*—intended, on the one hand, to get Mr. GLADSTONE out of some of the odium in which English Roman Catholics hold him; on the other, to provide places for certain of his supporters; and, for a third object, to put the Government in a difficulty between their ultra-Protestant and their Roman Catholic supporters. The second purpose failed, and Ireland will be spared for the present from the crowning woe of being governed by Lord RIFON; the other two seem, from the Duke of NORFOLK's letter of Friday morning, to have been partly attained. But the Duke is too good a Tory, and, therefore, too sensible a man, to let irritation dwell on his mind. If he has any doubts, let him ask the POPE himself whether Mr. GLADSTONE, *dona ferens*, is a person to be trusted.

On Thursday some lively talking, but no division, took place on Mr. LOWTHER's motion about HARGAN's case. We have frequently put, and now put once more elsewhere, our views on that matter, and we need only say here that we think Mr. MATTHEWS right. The most interesting thing in the whole debate was Mr. FIELDEN's appeal to the unrelieved member for Hackney to tell him whether he—Mr. FIELDEN—might shoot Mr. LABOUCHERE if he thought him a ruffian. A considerable thinning of the population of these kingdoms might take place if that doctrine were admitted. After this the Welsh members, weary of their comparative well-doing in Committee on the Tithe Bills, were decidedly obstructive on Report, and not much was done.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY spoke on Home Rule on Monday; but unluckily every one, with the exception of one London daily paper, persists in not taking Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY seriously.—A much less uncertain sound was given by Professor DICEY and Lord HARTINGTON at the Liberal-Union Club dinner on Tuesday. Only Lord HARTINGTON proved his innocence by quoting a certain proverb about thieves falling out. This shows that he does not read Separatist newspapers with that diligence which a man should always bestow on what "the other fellows" say. Had he done so, he would know that there is no greater sign of depravity than to look at the matter in this way. "Dear Thieves," a man should

say, "pray fall together again, and plunder us as unanimously as ever you can!"—Some minor Gladstonian lights dined and spoke at the National Liberal Club next day; and Mr. MCCARTHY, at Leicester, hinted that, after Lord HARTINGTON's most unkind language, he (Mr. MCCARTHY) for the first time had doubts whether Lord HARTINGTON, after all, is a gentleman.

Sir Julian
Pauncefoot.

After perhaps a too long interval, the expected denial has been received from the English Minister to the United States of a very indiscreet "interview" alleged to have been given by him. "Interviewer" is so very often merely a cumbersome way of spelling "Inventor" that this is not surprising. Even as it is, Sir JULIAN seems to have been a little rash in opening his lips on the subject "in a car." But what are you to do? If you refuse to talk to the sovereign people you are a bumptious British brute; if you talk to them they promptly say what you do not.

Foreign and
Colonial
Affairs.

On Saturday last welcome news was received as to a probable arrangement between the English authorities and the Arabs of Vitu, with whom we have no quarrel except as a *damnosa hereditas* of the Germans; and news not so encouraging as to the probable hardening of the heart of that miniature PHARAOH, Portugal.—A great sensation was produced by the sudden death at a dinner of Mr. WINDOM, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, almost in the act of discussing the unlimited coinage of silver.—The Spaniards appear to have had a difficulty in the Caroline Islands, and news of bad rioting in Bermuda by our unruly boy soldiers (not the Grenadier Guards, who behaved very well) was received.—The interest of the newspapers for those who opened them on Monday morning lay chiefly in foreign affairs. The resignation of Signor CRISPI was, in the first place, due to an extraordinary outburst of temper. At the same time, though no Italian statesman is Signor CRISPI's equal for masterfulness, ability, and general popularity, it must be remembered that his fiscal policy has been a great burden, that his foreign policy is disagreeable to two different parties, and that to the Clericals he is very nearly anathema.—On the same day news of a military-Republican revolt in Oporto arrived. Portugal is in so ticklish a state that anything of the kind is rather disquieting; but this particular revolt seems not only to have been put down without much difficulty by the loyal troops, but to have been otherwise insignificant.—In America the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the sealing case is said to have humiliated his country by confessing, after he had made a gross blunder in United States law, that "they did not have much Admiralty practice in Indiana." The humiliation might have extended to the use of such a barbarous locution as "did not have." On Monday the Supreme Court affirmed its jurisdiction, which is the first trick, though of course only the first trick, to Canada. Something like a negro difficulty on a small scale seems to have succeeded the difficulty with the Indians, and it must be remembered that there are those who think a negro difficulty on a large scale not impossible.—Mr. Justice SCOTT's scheme of judicial reform in Egypt has been rejected by the Committee appointed to consider it; but this was a foregone conclusion, and the decision rests elsewhere.—The Spanish Government has met with even more than expected success in the elections, but the fate of Signor CRISPI is there to show what comes of a too large majority.—The Canadian Parliament has been dissolved, the object being, it is believed, to ascertain the opinion of the country on certain schemes of commercial reciprocity with the United States.—Some rather odd language was officially used in the German Reichstag as to the action of the Royal Niger Company; but, as the Minister using it acknowledged that Germany made no diplomatic complaints, his opinion is scarcely more than private and pious.—In France the murderer EYRAUD was executed on Tuesday, proving himself a true son of ADAM by abusing "that viper GABRIELLE" to the last, but serving as satisfactory evidence that the French have not entirely discarded the greatest, the only valid, sanction of social order.—General VON CAPRIVI, on Wednesday, denied that the Germans have any idea of getting rid of Damaraland, which is, however, certainly a white elephant to them, and perhaps has only a *pretium affectionis* even for the Cape. On the following day the CHANCELLOR discussed, and defended, the Anglo-German Agreement at large.—Some slight military disturbances were reported on Thursday morning from Belgium.

Mr. PARNELL's usual "Sunday out" was spent this week at Ennis.—Infinite tattle has been indulged in on the subject of the Nationalist reconstruction—tattle which is of very little interest. Nobody doubts that Mr. GLADSTONE will promise anything he dares—the only question is, whether Mr. PARNELL, twice bit, will not be three times shy.

The Scotch strikes seem to have really collapsed at last, the men neglecting their leaders altogether, and returning to such places as their own folly and misconduct had left open. It is now much to be hoped that the Companies will, of grace, redress any real grievances which may (and it is known that on the North British, at least, some do) exist. No sensible man wishes that any other man, sensible or the reverse, shall be overworked, or tyrannized over, or prevented from refusing to work if he chooses the proper alternative of not eating. But what all sensible men set their faces against is the abominable practice of bullying others who wish to work. This practice we have here steadily exposed, and shall expose—to the great wrath, as we are happy to know, of the champions of evil-doing.—There being some peace on land, disorder is now threatened at sea—in other words, what is called a blockade by the Unions is being established in the Bristol Channel ports. And a serious strike actually took place at Cardiff on Thursday. An excellent example of the tyranny of these Unions is given in a letter from Mr. LAWS in Thursday's *Times*.

On Tuesday morning two exceedingly long Correspondence letters on Ireland appeared in the *Times*. In one Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, relieved from the dreadful presence opposite him in the shape of a monster CHIEF SECRETARY who, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey, wrote, with a most Partridgean ignorance of the fact that he is dead, that Mr. BALFOUR has laughed him out of existence. In the other Mr. O'BRIEN, from the cliffs of Boulogne, like (and probably conscious of his likeness to) NAPOLEON, devoted England, Mr. BALFOUR, and the *Times* to destruction, and eulogized the Plan of Campaign.—On Wednesday Sir GEORGE BOWEN came to the support of Sir EDMUND MONSON on Greek pronunciation, with the extraordinary remark that "there is much more difference between CHAUCER and the *Times* than between the New Testament and an Athenian journal of the present day." If the New Testament is Sir GEORGE's standard of ancient Greek, it is odd; if he doesn't know that literary and journalistic modern Greek is a mere *pastiche*, it is odder still.

The Court of Appeal last week reduced the Miscellaneous damages in KNOWLES v. DUNCAN from 10,000*l.* to two-thirds of that amount, concerning which the general opinion may be that nothing would have been too much for the defendant to pay, and not many sums too small for the plaintiff to receive.—Convocation has during the week very wisely declined to make an *Essays and Reviews* matter of *Lux Mundi*.—The PRINCE OF WALES spoke at a meeting in reference to the proposed Naval Exhibition on Thursday.—Dr. PETERS lectured (quite amiably towards England) in Edinburgh on the same day.

The obituary of Monday morning was very heavy, including two painters—one, M. MEISSONIER, of world-wide fame; another, M. CHARLES CHAPLIN, English by birth, but French by domicile and style. M. CHAPLIN was a master of a certain kind of decorative art (his chief work in this way being, unluckily, burnt at Saint Cloud), and unmatched in portraying certain types of female beauty.—The Dean of WELLS was an excellent Dantist, a good classical scholar, a well-intentioned, if not exemplary, Churchman, and, as "General" BOOTH knows, a most damaging controversialist on points of business.—Mr. JOHN DIXON, who died last week, was principally known to the general public by the to him very costly venture of the transport of Cleopatra's Needle; but he had in many other ways proved himself an ingenious engineer.

We have to welcome a "little noo chum" (as Books, &c. Mr. JOHN SILVER has it) in the task of combating certain disorders of the times, in the shape of Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD's new *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper which is apparently determined that the Devil shall not have the cheap press to himself, and has undertaken the business of wresting it from him under a great name, and with editorial experience and ability not to be easily surpassed.—Another new weekly publication—illustrated this time—has appeared under the title of *Black*

and White, with good names and a fair show of matter.—Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's *Ivanhoe* was produced with great applause at the new English Opera House on Saturday last.—Among books, Sir GEORGE CHETWYND's *Racing Reminiscences* (LONGMANS) and Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS's *Later Leaves* (MACMILLAN) are sure to have readers. A new edition of the famous and too long out-of-print *Cambridge Shakespeare* (MACMILLAN) is welcome, though, unfortunately, but one of the two original editors has survived to revise it; and we hear that the newly-discovered *Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens* (Clarendon Press), though hardly what can be called either an exciting work or a very polished example of literature, has aroused curiosity enough to send it already to or towards a second edition.

THE PARNELLITE SITUATION.

MR. BALFOUR'S unequalled skill in winding up a debate was not put to any very severe test at the close of the discussion on Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's amendment. For, to tell the truth, that "dabbler in disorder," as the CHIEF SECRETARY excellently described him, was not only more ineffective even than usual in the speech in which he supported his proposal, but his case had been made mincemeat of by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL at the very opening of the debate, while the weakness of the backing which he received from his friends, both English and Irish, bordered on the derisory. The absurd suggestion that Government should recommend arbitration in a number of landlord and tenant quarrels, which have in many cases been entered upon by the tenants in defiance of an actual or constructive award already pronounced, and all of which have been persisted in, to the rejection of proposed settlements more liberal than any arbitrator could be expected to suggest, would not at any time have taken much killing; and the life had, in fact, been knocked out of it long before it came to Mr. BALFOUR's turn to speak. But the circumstances under which the amendment was moved would have fatally discredited a much more plausible proposal; and, indeed, it was evident all through the debate that the speakers on both sides were thinking much less about the proposal than its attendant circumstances. What was present to every one's mind was that the Plan of Campaign is on its last legs, and, moreover, that the hopelessness of its case is so absolute that its promoters have been driven to this perilously transparent attempt to extricate themselves from their difficulties. That this aspect of the matter obtrudes itself with painful persistence on the minds of these last-mentioned gentlemen themselves is almost comically apparent from the fury into which Mr. O'BRIEN has been stung by the CHIEF SECRETARY's remarks on the origin and history of the expiring conspiracy. Mr. O'BRIEN's hysterical reply to Mr. BALFOUR is interesting, not because the statements in it are true—for they are notoriously false—but because of the significance of his finding it necessary to invent them. The effrontery of the assertion that ever since the passing of the Land Act of 1887 the whole efforts of the Campaigners have been directed, not to pushing the Plan, but to winding it up satisfactorily, is not so remarkable for its grossness—though that is excessive—as for the desperation which it indicates. When Mr. O'BRIEN finds himself obliged to deny that he and his fellow-agitators have been engaged for the last four years in actively prosecuting their predatory policy on every estate in Ireland on which they saw the slightest chance of coercing tenants into its adoption, and when he asserts that, on the contrary, he has only been striving to get, as he would say, creditably done with it, we feel that his sense of its defeat must indeed be weighing heavily on him, and that his anxiety to be rid of the costly failure must be urgent indeed.

It is of course Mr. O'BRIEN's special solicitude for the financial rescue of his bankrupt conspiracy which animated his strenuous efforts to establish that *modus vivendi* between the two contending Irish factions which can alone liberate the obstructed stream of American money. Whether these efforts have achieved success is not yet certain; but everything points to the conclusion that success—of a sort—is not far off. The mild-mannered Mr. MCCARTHY has twice delivered himself on the subject of the schism—once at Liverpool and once at Leicester; and on the latter occasion he made what a friendly sub-editor has entitled an "important statement" to the effect that he intended to summon a meeting of the majority of the Irish party on

the following day week, on which day, therefore—actually on next Thursday as ever is—we may expect to "hear a full statement of what has happened." And what we shall "then probably hear," it seems, is, that a reconciliation has been effected—and that we may soon expect to see a reunited party fighting, "as in the good old times, like friends and brothers against any common enemy." Mr. O'BRIEN, in short, has found the four-leaved shamrock, and handed it to Mr. MCCARTHY to weave his spells withal in Committee Room No. 15; with the anticipated result that goodwill and harmony will at once revive, and "hearts that have been long estranged, and friends that have grown cold, will meet again like parted streams, and mingle as of old." Such, at least, is Mr. MCCARTHY's confident expectation; and we prefer not to listen to those ill-boding political *chroniqueurs* who wonder what sort of a charm it is which wants another week's delay to make it work, and who declare that, when the convener of next Thursday's meeting begins his attempt to play the enchanter's part and scatter bliss around, it is "by no means certain that there will be absolute unanimity of opinion." The postponement of the function is accounted for in two ways—first, by its having been deemed expedient to "give a reasonable margin for the winding-up of the negotiations"; and, secondly, by the desire to insure that full attendance of the Irish members at Westminster which may be counted upon when Mr. MORLEY next week calls attention to his Irish grievance, though it could not, alas! be counted on when Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE this week called attention to his Irish grievance. At the same time, the "reasonable margin" defence of the delay depends for its validity on the general anti-Parnellite view—first, of the Limits of the Reasonable; and, secondly, of the Nature of Margins. There is certainly nothing improbable in the report that "expressions of dissatisfaction at the alleged undue prolongation of the negotiations have been frequently given utterance to"; nor, indeed, in the further statement that "Mr. HEALY will not be satisfied with any compromise which does not involve the unconditional retirement of Mr. PARNELL." For Mr. HEALY, it cannot but have been noticed, has been left far too much out in the cold to suit the taste of a politician who has already suffered much from exposure. He singled himself out from his party in the recent debate as the only member who spoke disrespectfully—and his disrespect was as gratuitous as it was pointed—of his late leader, and Mr. PARNELL, on the other hand, who has brought himself to embrace even Dr. TANNER, shows an apparently invincible disinclination to fall on the neck of Mr. HEALY. Now Mr. HEALY has doubtless no considerable following among the anti-Parnellites, but we dare not assign limits to his power of making himself objectionable, and if he were to prevail upon even the smallest fraction of his party to join him in standing out of any agreement with Mr. PARNELL, he could manage to keep up a very unpleasant appearance of continuing schism. A *modus vivendi* between two parties who would have to live in the neighbourhood of a HEALY on bad terms with both of them would not be worth much.

Let us assume, however, that the "magic leaf" in Mr. MCCARTHY's possession will charm even this particularly malicious sprite, and that a tolerable *modus vivendi* between Parnellites and McCarthyites will be duly established. What we shall then want to know is which of them Mr. GLADSTONE is going to live with, and how he will manage to renew personal relations with one of the two, or political relations with either. The personal question alone is a very perplexing one; for, if Mr. GLADSTONE really quite intended to stand by the valorous tone of his letter to Mr. MORLEY, he would at once range himself on the side of those anti-Parnellites who refuse to be satisfied with any compromise which does not involve the unconditional retirement of Mr. PARNELL. But this we may be sure he will not get, and the question is whether he will even try for it. Every one will see what is meant by an arrangement whereby the two sections of the party are to act together without the formal withdrawal of the leader of the minority from public life. It will mean, not the abandonment of Mr. PARNELL's claims, but the abatement of Mr. MCCARTHY's. It will mean, not that Mr. PARNELL has dropped his rôle of a Pretender, but that Mr. MCCARTHY has accepted the status of a Viceroy. It is true he will not nominally have any sovereign over him; and the position of the Irish party will recall the day when "there was no king in Edom; a deputy was king." But a deputy in very truth he will be, and Mr.

GLADSTONE will not be able to take a step in concert with the reunited Irish party without being conscious, and feeling that everybody else is conscious, that he is working with that very leader whose leadership could not, he declared, "continue at the present moment" without reducing his own to a "virtual nullity."

As to the political terms on which the two parties will unite, and on which Mr. GLADSTONE will have to work with them, if he does not mean to give up the game altogether, we shall not get at these in their entirety, perhaps, till later on; but, as Lord HARTINGTON showed in his speech at the Liberal-Unionist dinner the other night, there is light enough on the matter already to show that Mr. PARNELL has carried all his points. The Gladstonians will be given to understand, directly or indirectly, that Mr. PARNELL's even nominal resignation is conditional on their willingness to give a Home-Ruled Ireland the control, under whatever more or less decent disguises, of the Constabulary force, to allow the Irish Parliament full liberty of dealing with whatever may remain of "landlordism" on their own terms, and also (it would seem from one of Mr. PARNELL's unchallenged Sunday speeches) to withdraw the claim of an Imperial veto on Irish legislation, and not to interpose any obstacle to the adoption of a Protectionist policy for Ireland. These are substantially the terms, *à prendre ou à laisser*, which Mr. GLADSTONE will have to accept, if not in writing—as Mr. PARNELL, with the Hawarden negotiations doubtless in his mind, is said to prefer—at any rate, by some unmistakable form of parole undertaking, or, in the alternative, to throw up his cards and retire from the game. What a position for a veteran gambler at the end of a long run of bad luck and in the late evening of his days!

THE ETON PEEPSHOW.

SOME years ago the present Headmaster of Eton was prevented—partly by the exertions of the *Saturday Review*—from destroying WESTON'S Yard, in order to build a bigger house for the Headmaster. Almost every living Etonian of distinction, including Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE, protested against a wanton act of vandalism which would have irretrievably spoiled one of the most picturesque sites in England. To a great extent, our joint efforts were successful, and the three houses adjoining the Slough Road, each representing a different century, were spared. The School Library—a more modern building, but a delightful room—perished, and the taste of the governing body has inflicted upon the vision of every one who walks up from the playing fields one of the most abominable eyesores that ever existed in brick and mortar. Dr. WARRE was then regarded as having made an exhibition of himself. He now proposes to make an exhibition of Eton in the shape of an Eton Exhibition. A more grotesque idea has seldom entered into the mind of man. Nor could Dr. WARRE's reason for suggesting it be easily surpassed in sheer fatuity. It is, he says, four hundred and fifty years since Eton was founded. As a matter of fact, the charter of foundation was issued by HENRY VI. in 1440, so that Dr. WARRE's chronology is hardly correct. But, waiving that point, we ask ourselves, like the Honourable REGINALD SLINGSBY, in *The Dancing Girl*, this question:—What is the peculiar sanctity of four centuries and a half? It must be some number of years since the College, to which Dr. WARRE never belonged, was first endowed. We are aware that Jubilees—a peculiarly pestilent form of modern nuisance—have been celebrated by many who would be quite unable to explain what the original institution was. But it was never the custom of Eton College to court periodical publicity at stated intervals. We are, however, wasting time in proving what nobody doubts—that our HENRY's holy shade has no responsibility for this appeal to the newspapers. It is not the Sovereign, but the Headmaster; not HENRY PLANTAGENET, but a living personage, whom Eton men are invited to honour, and of whose existence the public are reminded. Envy of the New Gallery seems to have inspired the authorities with a noble rage of imitation. If a STUART, a TUDOR, and a GUELPH, why not an Eton Exhibition? The analogy is of course absurdly false, and the argument utterly futile. Are we to have a Winchester Exhibition and a Harrow Exhibition, an Oxford Exhibition and a Cambridge Exhibition? An Exhibition of Headmasters might possibly be instructive, and would certainly be amusing. A combined photograph of the lot—which is, we believe, within the horrible possi-

bilities of modern science—might condense the wisdom of the age. Imagination does not readily rise to the level of an Eton Exhibition. Motives of delicacy would not be likely to deter its promoters from advertising for the lost block, which indeed has, we believe, been returned. Photographs and autographs may always be collected on short notice, and there are muniments in the College archives. But these delights would hardly draw the crowd or bring in the gate-money, which the successors of WOTTON and SAVILE, of GOODALL and HAWTREY, seem to desire.

A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has been good enough to favour its readers with his notion of what Dr. WARRE's folly ought to be like. The conjunction of Eton and the *Daily Telegraph* is felicitous indeed. So far as we can gather from this possibly inspired and certainly apologetic article, the great "feature" of the Eton "boom" will be the College plate. There are a good many gentlemen living by their wits in London to whom this intelligence will be particularly interesting. But lovers of Eton it will hardly please. It is said that the possessor of a recently-acquired fortune, who came to reside in the neighbourhood of Eton, in the course of entertaining Dr. HAWTREY at dinner, mentioned that, should the College wish to part with any of their gold or silver vessels, he was a possible purchaser. Dr. HAWTREY's reply is not recorded. Perhaps his host, like the diplomatist whose questions M. THIERS evaded, had to "read it in his face." What Dr. HAWTREY would have said to an Eton Exhibition may, without much difficulty, be conjectured. The writer in the *Daily Telegraph*—a bit of a wag—tells us that we may expect to see a specimen of BROWN's buttered buns and of BARNES's cherries and cream. He also recommends that the school-yard should be roofed over for the better preservation of these relics. We should be glad to know the gentlest and politest manner of intimating to Dr. WARRE and his friends in the press that there is just the slightest shade of vulgarity in the sort of penny peepshow for which they plead. We are no advocates for school exhibitions of any kind, and, indeed, if we must make a clean breast of it, have never heard of one before. But, if they must come, is Eton necessarily the starting point? Might not Clifton be the first to advertise itself in this peculiarly ostentatious manner? Could not Hurstpierpoint take up the wondrous tale? Would it not be a pleasant spectacle to see St. Andrew's, Bradfield, contending with St. Peter's, Radley? Eton men are not given to boasting, or to boring mankind at large with their shop. If their Christian humility has any tincture of pagan pride, that sinful but not undignified feeling takes the form of abstinence from swagger and of satisfaction that their "seminary for young gentlemen" does not appear in the advertisement columns. Perhaps, also, they may have sometimes cherished the belief that Eton instils, if not a lively wit, at least that modest form of humour which deters one from making oneself ridiculous. Generalizations, however, are proverbially deceptive, and we must admit that Dr. WARRE is an Etonian. It is probably too late to hold him back from the rash act which he contemplates, and Eton must submit to be the mark of the scoffer. Meanwhile, we doubt whether all the blowers of this bubble are altogether enjoying themselves. Dr. HORNEY is not Dr. WARRE, and will scarcely relish being told, through the medium of the largest circulation in the world, that whatever he disburses in hospitality shall be repaid him by subscription. If we might venture on a suggestion—how of reviving Montem for the benefit of the Headmaster!

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

THE appeal to the Supreme Court in the case of the *W. P. Sayward* is a step which must be looked at from more points of view than one. If it had been taken only by the owners of the Colombian sealer, and they had received only that assistance from HER MAJESTY'S Minister at Washington which our diplomatic agents abroad are bound to render to all HER MAJESTY'S subjects, it would be altogether regular. But there has been more than this. The QUEEN'S Government, acting by its envoy, and by a Canadian Minister, has directly appealed to the Supreme Court, and this on a matter forming part of an extensive dispute which is still the subject of negotiations between the two States. On the face of it, there is something here which is both irregular, and undignified. It might be not unfairly represented as an attempt to go behind the American SECRETARY OF STATE and the PRESIDENT himself.

Americans are proud—and justly proud—of the position and reputation of their Supreme Court. They may be—and, indeed, there is evidence to show that they are—flattered by this appeal of a foreign Government to their tribunal. But we are by no means sure that they will allow the pleasure this act of deference causes them to counterbalance whatever annoyance they can be made to feel at what may be represented as an attempt to overreach the elected chief of the nation and his Ministers. Patriotic sentiment is a touchy thing, and it is by no means sure that a display of deference, when the State making it is acting openly in its own interests, is well calculated to placate the people over whom an advantage—or what may be represented as that—is sought to be gained. Mr. BLAINE, too, is, whatever else we may think of him (and we cannot think worse than many of his countrymen do), a very cool player, who knows the value of the cards in his hand. We shall do well to wait for his counter-move before deciding that we have gained much by the ruling of the Supreme Court that it has jurisdiction over the District Court of Alaska. A Court of Appeal, being necessarily composed of men who have a certain corporate pride, will generally lean to the affirmative in this case. This, however, tells us nothing as to what its decision on the case itself will be. Mr. BLAINE has, it is reported, said that he is perfectly prepared to abide by the finding of the Supreme Court if HER MAJESTY'S Government will refer the whole question to that tribunal. If, then, the Supreme Court decides in favour of the right of search, and of jurisdiction over Behring Sea, as it conceivably may, will HER MAJESTY'S Government accept, or ought it to accept, the finding as conclusive? When a national interest is concerned it will be, we should imagine, generally agreed that it ought not to do so. If the Court decides that it cannot consider a large part of the dispute as not coming within its jurisdiction, there will still be abundant matter for quarrel left between the two countries. We, for our part, are by no means certain that the net outcome of this appeal to a foreign jurisdiction will not be some loss of dignity and some weakening of our position as against the United States.

The dissolution in Canada is, we are further afraid, a very undeniable score for the United States. What it proves is this—that the Canadian Government finds the position created for it by the McKINLEY Bill intolerable, and has decided to escape from it by a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The boast of the Protectionist party in the United States has always been that their legislation would compel foreign States to offer them terms for a relaxation of their tariff. They are perfectly entitled to say that it has already done so. Spain has already made the offer for its West Indian islands, and now Canada follows suit. Canada, we are told, is acting with Newfoundland, and aims at a complete settlement of fishery as well as trade disputes. Now trade and fishery arrangements of this kind between our North American colonies and the United States are no new things. So much we may acknowledge, and yet such an arrangement as Sir JOHN MACDONALD is prepared to propose will undeniably be a step towards that Pan-American Zollverein which is one of the pet schemes of Mr. BLAINE. Any such Zollverein must needs be practically directed against England, since it is not the interest of the United States to make a reciprocity treaty which would still leave it subject to our competition on equal terms. The now firmly established fiscal policy of the mother country leaves her no power to offer Canada an equivalent, and—but the deduction need hardly be drawn.

The situation contains elements which may lead to strange and unexpected development. Some working compromise is to be sought between the conflicting interests of American and Canadian manufacturers, farmers, and fishermen. Newfoundland intervenes with the French claims hanging to her. Then there is a purely political element represented by that party which is anxious to bring about a union between the States and Canada. At the back of all are the Irish Americans, who will urge on any policy hostile to England. He is a bold man who will prophesy what is to come out of such a witches' cauldron.

KNIGHTHOOD BY COMPULSION.

"DIVIL a bit of me 'll kneel down," says Mr. CORNEY DELANY when he becomes aware of the honour which a frolicsome Viceroy designs for him. When the unfortunate man has been forced upon his knees, and has

received the accolade as nearly in the proper place as the Viceregal sword could attain to, he bursts into shrill lamentations: "Wirra, how will I ever show myself after 'this disgrace!' A reluctance to receive knighthood is said to have been displayed by one of HER MAJESTY'S recently appointed judges, her penultimate judge, if we have kept our reckoning right. Whether in the end this recalcitrant magistrate will be more fortunate than Sir CORNEY DELANY was is unknown. "Good den, Sir RICHARD," is a salutation which may some time or other strike his ear. Other men have struggled against the fate to which he opposes himself, and have struggled in vain. There has been for more than a century, so far as we have been enabled to ascertain, only one judge who, not being the son of a peer, has been enabled to ward off the honour-conferring sword of the king or his representative. This is one of the several judges bearing the name of Mr. Justice WILLES who at different times have adorned the bench of THEMIS—Mr. Justice EDWARD WILLES, who was made a puisne judge in 1766. "His nineteen years of judicial 'life,'" says the author of the *Biographical Dictionary of the Judges of England*, "were unmarked by any other 'peculiar characteristics than a certain flippancy of manner and neglect of costume.'" Whether these qualities have any natural connexion with an obstinate rejection of knighthood it would require a very subtle psychological analysis to detect. The instances of refusal have not hitherto been numerous enough to enable us to generalize from them. Every man must be guided by his own conscience in great things, and his sense of what is becoming in small ones; and to make a fuss about trifles is not usually the characteristic of a very strong or clear, or, as the phrase runs, judicial mind. A judge might almost as reasonably decline to put on the robes of his office, or the wig in which wisdom resides, as refuse the knighthood which the practice of more than a century has associated with his functions. In things indifferent, conformity to usage seems a sound maxim. Conscientious scruples are of course entitled to respect. If Lord COLERIDGE, for example, had been compulsorily required to submit to vaccination—itsself a form of vivisection—before taking office, or the late Sir GEORGE JESSELL to baptism, or Sir JAMES STEPHEN to induction by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON into the Church of Humanity, one can understand that these eminent men would have declined to trifle for any worldly honour with their deepest and most sacred convictions. But there is nothing morally wrong in being knighted.

The question has seldom arisen in the case of judges, perhaps because when a man has reached the position in his profession from which he steps to the Bench he has acquired a sufficient knowledge of the world and sense of proportion to dislike anything which savours of eccentricity and self-advertisement. Moreover, in the case of Lord Chancellors, Lord Chief Justices, Lord Chief Barons (so long as Lord Chief Barons were), Masters of the Rolls, and such like, knighthood usually befell them as law officers of the Crown, and the thing was done before they were promoted to the Bench. Puisne judges probably felt it unbecoming to turn up their noses, in what Mr. CARLYLE called a high-sniffing manner, at an honour worn by their chiefs. Besides, the majority of them were probably pleased at it, and their wives quite as much—we do not believe more so. Lord CAMPBELL, who tells us how his little boy and girl played at knighting each other when he was made Solicitor-General, and how "the Gaffer"—so Lord GREY was called behind his back—quizzed him on his becoming Sir JOHN, was evidently delighted. Nevertheless, writing of THURLOW, he says:—"The new 'Solicitor-General escaped from knighthood, now considered 'a disgrace.'" There was no escape in THURLOW's case, for the usage of conferring knighthood on law officers of the Crown had not begun in his day, nor was it established until some years afterwards. DUNNING, who was his immediate predecessor, and WEDDERBURN, who succeeded him, were not knighted; nor MANSFIELD (not MURRAY) till he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; nor PEPPER ARDEN till he was Master of the Rolls, nor KENYON. GEORGE III., CAMPBELL says, insisted on the law officers of the Crown, as well as judges, taking knighthood, in order to keep up the respectability of the order. Does this consideration appeal in vain to the latest of HER MAJESTY'S judges but one? Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY tells the story of his own knighthood with some pathos, in his diary, March 12, 1826:—"I was this day sworn in, together with PIGGOTT, 'the new Attorney-General, and we attended the levée at

"the Queen's House, and kissed the King's hand on our appointment. His Majesty was pleased to knight us both, greatly against our inclination. Never was any City trader who carried up a loyal address to His Majesty more anxious to obtain than we were to escape this honour. We applied to Lord DARTMOUTH, the Lord-in-Waiting, to Lord GRENVILLE, to Lord SPENCER, and everybody on whom we thought we might depend, to deprecate the ceremony which awaited us, but the King was inflexible. For the last twenty years of his reign, it has pleased His Majesty to knight all Attorneys and Solicitors-General and judges on their appointment, though for the first five and twenty years he had never seen the necessity or propriety of it, and now every man who arrives at these situations must submit to the humiliation of having inflicted upon him that which is called, but which is considered neither by himself nor by any other person, an honour. PERCEVAL, the last Attorney-General, had been permitted to decline knighthood because he was an earl's son."

It is said that one of Mr. GLADSTONE's Solicitors-Generals—the bearer of an historical name—who, like PERCEVAL, has given up law for politics, forgetful that there was once a Sir SIMON who afterwards became Lord HARCOURT and Lord Chancellor, struggled against knighthood as valiantly, but as ineffectually, as Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY and Sir CORNEY DELANY. Mr. GLADSTONE was not less inexorable than GEORGE III. The suggestion, if it were really made, that the respectability of the order would be better sustained by Mr. GLADSTONE being knighted than by the distinction being conferred on a humble lawyer, fell upon a mind not this time open. Whether objection to knighthood proceeded in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's case, or proceeds in any later instance, from reluctance to being brought into association with the loyal City trader, or from a desire to be brought into the same class with knighthood-declining sons of peers, like PERCEVAL, the late Mr. Justice ERSKINE, and the present Mr. Justice DENMAN, only the objectors know. A judge is "honourable" by virtue of his office, and the Honourable THOMAS JONES without the "Sir" might be mistaken for a lord's son. Great minds sometimes have small weaknesses. We have heard of a Scotch Senator of the Court of Justice calling himself "Mr." until his colleagues and family bullied him into calling himself "Lord." Irish judges do without knighthood; Scotch judges are a kind of "Lords," usually with as high sounding a territorial title as they can devise. The custom of the country is everything.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S RESIGNATION.

THERE are many things not worth saying, or worth saying only briefly, about Signor CRISPI's resignation. The comments of the French press on the subject have been characteristic of the nation which of all nations rejoices most in jumping on a man when he is down; and the comments of a certain portion of the English press have been those of a set of journalists who would have objected to the Ten Commandments if Mr. GLADSTONE had hinted that thunders and lightnings, attending the promulgation of a code, savoured of "coercion." We need not speak of these. It is not even yet certain that the collapse of the late Italian Premier is irremediable. It seems to have been due partly to the *outrecuidance* born of a too great majority; partly to the old feeling against a Minister who has too long and too thoroughly enjoyed the position of supremacy; partly, and perhaps most of all, to one of those curious outbursts of temper which are common to the greater part of the human race, but which are commoner in Southern than in Northern races. The quaint imprudence of Signor CRISPI's outbreak about the MINCHETTI Cabinet is rather engaging. Such things generally tell of internal and private dissensions which have been going on a long time before they vent themselves in this fashion. Until quite recently, English politics have been conducted so much on broad party lines that it is not quite easy to parallel the incident in any actual or possible transaction of our own history. The nearest approach to it would have been, if some chief of one of the Liberal Cabinets which accepted Peelite aid had suddenly, and without warning, indulged in a violent tirade against the financial and foreign policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL; though even this, in the absence of any properly Tory party in the Italian Parliament, would not be quite exact.

We think that Englishmen of the party of order are

tolerably fair judges of Signor CRISPI. They know that he did the right thing in joining the Triple Alliance, for there can be no doubt that France and Russia are the dangerous Powers of Europe; Germany for the time, and Austria of necessity and pre-eminently, being the Powers whose interest is peace. They cannot reprove his desire to make his country strong and great, or the general fairness and equity of his conduct to those foreign Powers who were prepared to treat him fairly and equitably. At the same time they cannot help admitting that his fiscal policy was (as, for the matter of that, the fiscal policy of all his predecessors has been since the unification) crushingly burdensome to the country; that he committed the fault of trying to "expand" abroad before he had thoroughly consolidated at home; and, above all, that his anti-Clerical bias was a terrible mistake. It may or may not be the case that the anti-Clerical game is worth playing in France, where a century and more of determined propaganda on one side and unceasing mistakes on the other has facilitated it. It is quite certain that the Minister who in Italy, without jeopardizing the Monarchy or infringing civil liberty, rallies the Church to his side will have the very best game that can possibly be played. Let it be admitted that the work preliminary to the game is hard and uphill; there is no doubt that it is. Let it be granted that the tendency of Southern nations is always to be violently bigoted or violently freethinking. But Signor CRISPI never attempted the game at all; he simply went out of the way to estrange yet further the already estranged orthodoxy of Italy, and thus to throw away, instead of utilizing, one great supply not merely of ballast, but of impelling power, for the ship of State. It is not as impossible as some seem to think that he may come back; it is not impossible that some one else may take his place; it is, though probable, infinitely undesirable that Italy should fall a prey to a succession of weak Ministries. Let us hope that he himself (for Rome easily forgives when there is something to gain), or some one else in his place, will discover a way to put an end to a state of things which neither is nor can come to good—the present unnatural divorce of a great portion of the nation from any part or interest in the national affairs.

THE FAILURE OF FANCY BALLS.

FANCY dress balls, and all other masquerades, are certainly failures in England. Perhaps, when England was Merry England, they may have been successful; but that was a long time ago; and the Puritans, if they did nothing else, gave a death-blow to masques. People keep on attempting to enjoy themselves in mongrel costumes which do not fit, but they very seldom succeed. Perhaps medical students may yet make themselves happy in "doublets of orange-tawny and silver, slashed with dirty 'light-blue,' a costume certainly cheap at 'fifteen bob for 'the night.'" But the general public has become too critical, if not of themselves, at least of their partners in these violent delights. A promiscuous dance in promiscuous costumes is an ugly medley. There are several *ejdola* of MARY Queen of Scots and a few clowns, and an emaciated little person with bare arms gives himself forth to be PHIDIAS. Greek costumes do not really mix well with powder and patches, and Greek dress is extremely ticklish. In a curious old novel, something like *Northanger Abbey* in design, the romantic heroine goes to a ball in a Greek dress. She knew much more about it than a heroine of 1840 should have done; she twisted herself up in two clinging squares of a loose texture, and fastened the whole arrangement with a *fibula*. This was conscientious and archaeological; but the *fibula* came loose, and Reserve draws a veil over the scene. Indeed, we Britons cannot be comfortable, and are with difficulty decent, in attire which we have not proved. An amateur, conscious of unbecomingly slender legs, has been known to go to a ball as JOHN INGLESANT, because that half-forgotten hero wore jackboots. But nobody can dance in jackboots, and the leg difficulty is as great in fancy dress as in the serious and thoughtful endeavour to read *The Egoist*—the *Legoist* we had almost said. A stout middle-aged person with a thick thatch of violets on his head does not easily persuade us that he is the Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS, especially if his Latin is sadly to seek. The idea of going to a fancy ball as ROBERT ELSMERE is practicable, but does not conduce to gaiety. One might

cheaply be attired as a Vampire; a sheet and a stake are all that the character requires; but the effect, as in the personation of ROBERT ELSMERE, is *macabre*. It would be pleasant to go as DAVID HUME in the yellow velvet coat sprinkled with black butterflies; but nobody has heard of DAVID HUME. SCOTT's heroes were once fashionable, but chain-mail is very fatiguing. The Master of Ravenswood, once more, is far, far from gay. Ladies find it more easy to select costumes. Their general idea is to powder their hair, rouge their cheeks, and wear something white, by which apparatus they conceive themselves to be converted into *Marquises*. Besides, *tout s'ied aux belles*. But men have often to sacrifice their moustaches and beards, if they are truly conscientious, or to sacrifice accuracy and effect, which they generally prefer. The costumes, except when women wear the brocades of their great-grandmothers, are seldom well made or becoming. Sometimes they are not much cleaner than that which RACHEL, the Rose of Sharon, offered to Mr. LINT, and of which he declared, "It ain't the dress 'which don't suit.'" As a rule, the effect of the mixed apparel, copies and sweepings of many ages, is rather lugubrious and motley than picturesque. We have ceased to be able to play at being other people with much vivacity and heartiness. We are more comfortable, and really look much better, in the festal attire of everyday life. There is an incongruity not to be got over between the costume of MARIUS the Epicurean and a four-wheeled cab, especially when the tranquillity of MARIUS is ruffled by a dispute with the cabman about the fare, when the cabman follows MARIUS into the hall, and refuses to be soothed by the maxims of the Garden. Fancy balls, in brief, are rather draggle-tailed and dilapidated attempts at gaiety, except when children take part in them, with the seriousness which is natural to childhood. Little Miss BOOTHBY, in mob-caps, look very ravishing. Their mothers and aunts, as a rule, do not. They fail to remind you of CLEOPATRA, FLORA MACIVOR, CHRISTINE of Sweden, Queen ELIZABETH, Little Red Riding Hood, and the other distinguished beings whom they personate. It requires some *aplomb* to carry off the part of HELEN, and you say

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?

in a sense not intended by Dr. FAUSTUS. In fact, to get even one costume which is correct and becoming is a rare success; a room full of them is an impossibility. As to masked balls, they are incongruous. A masked ball has been tried at Edinburgh, of all places. Our whole life, to some extent, is a masquerade of mingled Gothic, Queen ANNE falsely so called, mediæval, Tudor, and Japanese; but it is not a success, and a fancy ball usually carries lack of success to the frontiers of failure. It is expensive, feeble, ugly, and tedious, and probably few people who have attended one do not realize the general discomfiture. That reaches its climax when, like LEECH's people, the guests come on a rainy night, and find that "Missus's party was this day last week."

PORTUGAL'S LAST CHANCE.

IT is scarcely now lawful to talk of the Sibyl's books; but, supposing it were, a race which prides itself, with or without justice, on the Latinity of its language and extraction might be prayed to attend to that ancient fable. England has been exceedingly long-suffering with Portugal. It is perfectly certain—neither Frenchmen nor Germans can deny it without mere and sheer impudence—what, if an agreement like the agreement of last August had been concluded between the Ministries of either of those countries and a weak Power, and if the Parliament of the weak Power had refused to ratify it, the conduct of France or of Germany would have been. Either the forces of the State or private adventurers would at once have been let loose to annex and occupy exactly what they pleased, leaving the weak Power to its remedy of, at the last moment, crying "Hold, enough!" Delagoa Bay, the mouths of the Zambesi, the whole coast between them, would long ago, in the case supposed, have been dotted with French or German flags, and Portugal might have thought herself very lucky if Quilimane and St. Paul de Loanda had not shared the same fate, not to mention finding herself relieved of trifles like Madeira and Timor. The brutal Briton, the "skimmer of the seas," does not act in

this fashion. Except in the narrow confines of Manicaland, where there is a conflict of title, even the Portuguese themselves cannot assert that a single step has been made by England beyond the bounds of the Convention, and that step was made by a private Company before the arrangement of the *modus vivendi*. On the other hand, unless all geographers are wrong and the new charter of the Mozambique Company is very badly drawn, Portugal has during the existence of that *modus* calmly assigned away great part of the territory in dispute, and has not ceased to dispatch troops and munitions of war to the seat of the quarrel. We ask, again, what do the Portuguese think that France or Germany would have done in similar case?

Some interesting additions to the circumstances have been made since we wrote last week. Sir HENRY LOCH and Mr. CECIL RHODES are on the spot for one thing; for another a Republican "pronouncement" has been made in Portugal, and has failed; for a third, very distinct revelations have been made about the state of Portuguese finances. It need hardly be said that no Englishman worthy the name has any more desire to bully Portugal because she is poor than he has to bully her because she is weak. Unfortunately, both men and nations are sometimes glad to avail themselves of a pretext for repudiation, and the cry of "This brutal Briton is bullying me" might supply Portugal with an excuse for defrauding unsecured creditors, which creditors who are in this or that way secured might not be sorry to see urged. It is a state of things neither inconceivable nor unprecedented: the ignorance of the people and the greed of those who dabble in the "black pool of 'agio'" too often play into each other's hands. For ourselves, we sympathize most profoundly and unfeignedly with the inevitable annoyance to Portuguese patriotism and self-love involved in the new African conditions. But the simple fact remains that these great claims have for centuries been, if they ever were anything else, mere words and paper; that they have, in recent times at least, never been admitted by Great Britain; and that there is no other discoverable cause for the sudden anxiety of the Portuguese about them than the fact that English explorers were making profit of neighbouring countries, and threatened to make profit of these. We wish we could think it uncharitable to hazard the suggestion that the chief reason for maintaining the claims now is the chance of selling them profitably to England or to somebody else. At any rate, the present situation cannot continue. It is unfair to one party, dangerous to both, and, entirely apart from the interests of the South Africa Company, with which England has only indirectly to do, an end must be put to it. We fear that, as Sir JAMES FERGUSON said the other day, it cannot be put an end to as favourably to Portugal as might have been the case last year; but it is for the Portuguese to take care that the end is not still less favourable to them.

THE NEW RIFLE AND THE OLD GUN.

IT is quite possible to agree with the reasons which induced Mr. MARJORIBANKS to ask for a Royal Commission on the new rifle, and yet to agree with Mr. HANBURY that the appointment of a Commission could do very little good. It does not follow, because there are many reasons for believing that the rifle which is variously called "Mark II." and the "Lee-Speed" is an inferior weapon, that the court of inquiry asked for by Mr. MARJORIBANKS would either demonstrate that badness better than it has been proved already, or would be able to learn more than is already known. The truth is that, as Mr. HANBURY said, we have overdone the Royal Commission. If these august bodies could reform the War Office we should have the most perfect military administration in the world. What we have we know, after some half-hundred Commissions have sat, and inquired, and reported within the last sixty years or so. Without disrespect to Parliament one may believe that members of either House are, after all, mere human beings, liable to go wrong like the rest of the world even on questions which require no technical knowledge. But the value of the new rifle is emphatically a question which can only be settled by those who have knowledge of the kind acquired either by making weapons or by using them. And these experts, as was amply shown in the House itself last Tuesday night, are apt to differ. Now, of two things the one must necessarily happen. Either the Royal Commission would contain members who, like

MR. MARJORIBANKS himself, Sir WALTER BARTTELOT, and Colonel NOLAN, are more or less familiar with the construction and use of a rifle, or it would not. If it did, these members might differ on the Commission as they did in the House of Commons, and then we should be no better off than we are now. If it did not, what would be the value of the finding of the Commission on the evidence put before it by the experts? The truth is that all the necessary evidence is already before the War Office, and might, if the House of Commons is resolute, be put before the country. If the House does not insist on its production now when told by the Secretary for War that it is confidential, it might abstain, as it frequently has done on the very same grounds, from insisting on the production of evidence given to a Royal Commission. Mr. HANBURY was right enough in insisting that a Royal Commission is a merely superfluous wheel. If the War Office possesses the adequate intelligence it can choose a good rifle unhelped. If it does not, it can only spoil or shelve the recommendation of a Commission. When Mr. HANBURY obtained the support of a majority of 34 for his amendment, he appeared to have won a distinct victory for those who always insist that the responsibility of officials should not be weakened. But we are afraid that the victory was of a somewhat barren kind. Mr. HANBURY rather candidly asked Mr. STANHOPE whom he proposed to dismiss or otherwise punish if Mark II. does turn out to deserve all the abuse showered on it. He got no answer, and we are afraid that he never will get a satisfactory reply to an inquiry he is very fond of putting. If (which God forbid) we were ever exposed to the corrupting influences which surround the unfortunate occupier of the post of Secretary of State for War, and such a question as this were put to us, we should reply in the Scotch manner by asking Mr. HANBURY for what he proposes to punish those who recommend a bad rifle. Is it for not being infallibly wise? If so, which member of Mr. HANBURY's honourable House will be safe? The fact is that, as long as an official cannot be shown to have acted negligently or corruptly, he cannot be fairly dismissed from service, and could not without gross injustice be deprived of his pension for a mere error of judgment. The distinction is self-evident, and yet it seems impossible to get it conveyed through the skulls of the persons who are for ever chattering about responsibility. It was not because he was beaten, but because he did not do his best to beat the enemy, that Admiral BYNG was shot. Besides, Mr. STANHOPE says that he is responsible; and now, what does Mr. HANBURY propose to do?

As for this rifle, this much-debated Mark II., or Lee-Speed, the world is no wiser as to its merits than it was last month. Mr. MARJORIBANKS certainly produced many reasons for believing that it is a thorough bad weapon. He brought pieces of the breech-action down in his pocket, and would have brought the rifle if Mr. SPEAKER had allowed him. With his chapter and verse in his hand he showed the House that the rifle is very delicate, that its bolt is untrustworthy, that it requires close examination to find out whether it is at half-cock or not, and that when it stands at half-cock it is almost impossible to open it, that it is difficult to clean, that the rifling first requires a cased bullet, and then strips the bullet of its case. These and similar things not a few did Mr. MARJORIBANKS say, and Sir WALTER BARTTELOT agreed with him. But then came Colonel NOLAN, also quoting chapter and verse, and begged to differ from them most completely as to the value of breech and barrel alike. Then Mr. STANHOPE quoted a good deal of expert opinion in favour of the rifle, and showed that, so far from breaking down incessantly, as its critics allege, it has triumphantly stood the most terrible tests to which any rifle ever was subjected. It has been tried by water and fire and sand, and has beaten them all. The conflict of the authorities quoted was almost ludicrous. Mr. MARJORIBANKS, for instance, was able to quote the opinion of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, that the magazine-spring often gets out of order, and that cartridges jam. A military Committee at Meerut was of the same opinion; so was the Inspector of Musketry at Hythe; so also was the officer in command of H.M.S. *Cambridge*, and so was the Royal Marine Artillery. But to this array of authorities out came Colonel NOLAN with another, and Mr. STANHOPE with yet another. According to the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR the Indian army is absolutely over head and ears in love with the new rifle. In fact, it appears to be an equally "probable opinion" that the new rifle is a costly piece of

trash, and that it is the most exquisite weapon ever invented by the ingenuity of man. What makes all these quotations of authorities even more confusing than we have yet shown them to be is the difficulty of finding whether the particular opinion quoted refers to Mark I. or Mark II. Of course this makes all the difference. It is, for instance, quite possible that they condemned No. I. at Meerut for defects which have been remedied in No. II. Then one of the authorities, at least—the Captain of H.M.S. *Cambridge*—does not like magazines at all. He thinks—and we for our part say ditto to him—that what we want is rather better training in the use of the rifle which we have than a rifle which, if handled with perfect skill, would at a critical moment be a more terrible arm to face than the Martini-Henry. This opinion of his, though very wise to our thinking, does a little disqualify him as an impartial judge of a particular magazine rifle. Perhaps, to follow the lead given by this officer, it would be better to look to the conditions in which the new rifle is to be used, and the persons by whom, before deciding whether it is a good weapon or not, rather than to its mechanical excellences or defects. The rifle may not deserve to be spat upon and stamped upon with all the fury shown by the critic of the *Times*, and yet may be a very unfit weapon to be put in the hands of the average modern soldier. In our opinion it is unfit, even if it is as mechanically perfect as the War Office alleges. It is a weapon which gives the soldier a box containing eleven cartridges, which can be fired right on end, without taking the butt away from the shoulder or the hip. It requires, by the confession of its friends, exact handling; and this reserve of eleven cartridges is supposed not to be used except at the supreme moment. At other times the rifle is to be loaded for every discharge. Now this might be a very formidable weapon indeed if in the hands of such soldiers as the Scotch regiments of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, or the old bands of the Spanish infantry, or the Duke of WELLINGTON's veteran regiments in the campaign of 1812. That is to say, men who had, on an average, ten years' service, and had been a hundred times under fire. In the hands of the unprepared short-service men who fill modern armies it would, we are sure, not get the deft handling it requires, and we are very much afraid that this reserve of cartridges, which is to save the soldier at the supreme moment, would simply—if the machine did not jam—be banged away in the first burst of excitement.

While the War Office is making up its mind when to be done with Mark II. the navy is learning more clearly every week what a blessed relief it would be to be rid of its monster guns. About them there is as usual a violent conflict of authority. It was only the other night that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON informed the House of Commons, with a precision which bordered on being snappish, that the 110-ton gun of the *Sanspareil* is a very good gun, that the damage for which it was recently sent back to the maker was the most trifling thing in the world, and that all our other guns of the same kidney are weapons of which the Briton has every reason to be proud. It seems that it does not matter for a modern gun that its component parts shake like calves-foot jelly every time it is fired, that you can see daylight through its joints, or that after it has been fired two or three times with the service charge its muzzle hangs heavily as a tiger lily, only rather on one side like the wrung neck of a goose. Neither does it seem to be a matter of much importance that, whereas the life of the monster gun is only 75 shots, you have to fire it fourteen or fifteen times before getting any security that it is trustworthy; that this same process of testing is openly and avowedly making the gun weaker every time in order to prove that it is strong; that the powder tears its inside out; that cold weather knocks it up; and that ships which carry it very often cannot fire it on the beam for fear of turning turtle, and daren't fire it ahead for fear of committing the happy despatch, and that every time they do fire they make it less and less likely that they will ever hit an enemy. These things does the Admiralty say, and they seem very wonderful to us.

IN TRUST, OR ON TRUST?

THERE is a pleasant old song that presents, as in a figure, the merchant adventurer (old style), who goes abroad with a light heart, having locked up all his treasure. Thus has it chanced to "General" BOOTH. With very

different wares for the dealing, and far other treasure in his chest, he has set out for Sweden, the very model of a modern general merchant. The prospect of a jaunt appears to have made him more than common jaunty. "Cast our caps and cares away, this is beggars' holiday," was the burden of his cheerful song. At that mysterious function of the revealing of the "deed," and the signing, the expression of his own confidence in himself surpassed all previous exhibitions. Doubtless the occasion demanded some extraordinary assumption of high spirits, some reckless "ghost dance" that should rouse those dejected disciples who have shaken with his shaken credit. But the whole performance was overdone. Even as a "ghost dance" it was not a success, and there are signs that the show was not so full of wise charming as the showman intended. Mr. BOOTH probably took the measure of his audience aright when he bragged of his competency to edit the *Times*. But the inventor of the bridge story made a gross blunder when, with characteristic impudence, he asserted he was more careful of his facts than the *Times*. This was not the way to soothe those sentimental persons who piteously appeal to his critics to "let the poor man alone." The part of the brave "General," untouched by criticism and unblushing in detection, was altogether over-acted. As it is, Mr. BOOTH's clumsy fooling was seriously taken to heart by some "religious debauchees" among his following, and at least one of their organs has addressed to him words of protest and warning. But these misgivings are of the reflections that the morrow brought. When the "deed" was signed, it is reported, there was loud applause, though whether in approbation of a document which few present could have interpreted, or whether as a declaration of trust in Mr. WILLIAM BOOTH, it were not easy to decide. In November 1-st, at Exeter Hall, Mr. BOOTH boasted that his "scheme" had "taken with the public because of its simplicity; a child could understand it." This is scarcely the view of competent critics of Mr. BOOTH's crude and intricate proposals. If his book had been as simple as it is cumbrous, as lucid and practical as it is shapeless and sensational, it would never have evoked the support or the criticism it has. But, not to speak of the notorious indifference of the public to simplicity, it is not a little odd that Mr. BOOTH and his friends should accuse Mr. HUXLEY, Mr. LOCH, and others of misreading or misunderstanding this very simple scheme which has so taken in—we beg pardon, so taken with—the public.

Obviously, the simple thing, whether it be a simple scheme or a simple trust-deed, is not, according to Salvationist methods, is something quite different from, what the world regards as simplicity. To judge from the correspondence on the subject, a Boothian trust-deed is an extremely dusky document. Even Mr. BOOTH's solicitors, who are nothing if not sticklers for "precision and moderation" in what they term "the considered views of counsel," leave matters pretty much as they were before they undertook to reply to Mr. HUXLEY's letter and Mr. HATTON's opinion. The "extracts from counsel's opinion" given by them are certainly not marked by the "precision" which they justly conceive should characterize all counsel's opinions. They were also a little hasty in having attributed to Mr. HATTON lack of precision, due to the fact that he "practises on the common law side," as "A Barrister," not so practising, has very sufficiently demonstrated by his comparison of Mr. BOOTH's "counsel's opinion" with the text of that "Declaration of Trust by WILLIAM BOOTH in 'favour of the Christian Mission,' which Mr. HUXLEY, after a careful study, found so very unsatisfactory. The Barrister not practising on the common law side describes this "Declaration of Trust" as a most extraordinary document, and his examination of the deed certainly bears out this opinion. He finds himself in agreement with Mr. HATTON, and he cannot discover any contradiction between the "extracts from counsel's opinion" given by Mr. BOOTH's solicitors and the opinion of Mr. HATTON. Upon one question, indeed, he finds the former opinion actually confirms Mr. HATTON's. As to the opinion that the conveyances to Mr. BOOTH, in the deed of trust, were void under the Mortmain Acts, "A Barrister" and Mr. HUXLEY's solicitors agree that the extracts from Mr. BOOTH's counsel's opinion are fully confirmatory. Then, too, "A Barrister" contends that there is nothing in the extracts to show that Mr. BOOTH's counsel are of opinion that there are any trusts in the deed under discussion that could be adversely enforced against Mr. BOOTH. So, it would seem, this is not a case of doctors disagreeing, while

the bewildered public looks on and "still wants to know." Altogether the "Christian Mission" declaration of trust is scarcely the simple and businesslike document we should have expected a deviser of simple philanthropic schemes to countenance. One matter is, and has been, clear from the very announcement of the *Darkest England* scheme. Mr. BOOTH will bear no brother trustee near the throne. He is to be his own trustee. He has locked up all his treasure and means to keep the key.

THE TWO STORIES.

REPORTS of "trouble in the docks," and of "great strikes" here, there, and everywhere, continue in the papers with such steady monotony, and everything the ingenuity of man can say about them has been so repeatedly said, that one is glad of whatever provides an opportunity of dealing with some prospect of freshness with a subject which is far too serious to be ignored. Such an opportunity has been afforded by the recent correspondence between Mr. WILSON, of the Seamen and Firemen's Union, and Mr. LAWS, of the Shipping Federation. It is a really useful statement of the case on either side, and Mr. WILSON, who writes to controvert "several statements" of Mr. LAWS's "which are misleading and far from being facts," is particularly interesting. He is such a very typical Union advocate. It is, for instance, very characteristic that he ends his letter by a mere personal attack on Mr. LAWS, in which he makes assertions which, even if they are true, are neither discreditable to his opponent nor pertinent to the matter in dispute. The question is not whether Mr. LAWS is paid 1,000*l.* a year, but whether Mr. WILSON's Union is attempting to establish a vexatious tyranny over owners and free sailors alike. On that Mr. WILSON has, indeed, something to say, and it undeniably sounds pretty. Put in a small compass, it amounts to this—that the Union aims only at providing competent crews, nothing more. It claims to include all the competent men in the country, and to have the right to save them from sailing with unfit men. Therefore its members are to be entitled to break their contracts by refusing to sail when they have signed articles, and thereby causing immense loss. They themselves are to be the sole judges, and the only test they demand is the presentation of the Union ticket. Mr. LAWS has something to say about the examples cited by Mr. WILSON; but, putting them aside for the moment, this amounts to nothing less than a claim to regulate the manning of all merchant ships on the part of the Union. We are obliged to Mr. WILSON for it. He brings counter-charges against shipowners—as, for instance, that they leave the taking on of the crew to the last moment, so that if a man does not appear, it is because he has not had time to cash his advance note and buy himself oilies and sea boots. That is why Union men do not turn up occasionally. Now, whoever knows anything at all about sailors, knows that the man who has to provide oilies and sea boots for a voyage at the last moment is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a scamp who has sold his kit for drink. That such men should, on Mr. WILSON's showing, be common in the Union throws a curious light on what it understands by competence, and on the care with which it looks after its members. Again, Mr. WILSON, in the regular clap-trap Union style, describes how masters drive their men out of the ship in foreign ports, in order to engage cheaper foreign crews. Did Mr. WILSON never hear of an officer called the Consul, or does he suppose his readers never did? A man must be regularly discharged, for reason shown, with the approval of that officer; and all new men must be entered on the books in the regular way. If the proper formalities are not complied with, a report is made to the Board of Trade, and the master will hear of it on coming home. Skippers have no such power as Mr. WILSON describes.

Mr. LAWS brings this precious pretension of the Union to protect its members from sailing with incompetent men down to test cases. He asks whether the boatswain of the *Moorship* was an incompetent man, or what could be charged against the steward of the *Moravia*, who had been six years in the employment of the Company, except that he did not belong to the Union? In both cases the vessels were stopped, and in the latter by such open use of intimidation as to bring down a fine in the Sheriff's Court at Leith on the Secretary of the Union. In the case of the *Lizzie English*, a whole ship's company refused to work—

that is to say, mutinied—at sea on discovering that one of the firemen had no ticket. They were very properly sent to prison, and ought to have been punished as they were, even if they were right in saying, as they did at the last moment, that the fireman did not know his business. The truth, which appears through all Mr. WILSON's attempted disguises, is that the Union is endeavouring to obtain the control of ships for a privileged body of which the office-bearers will be absolute masters. He probably does not understand himself what a damaging statement he makes when he corrects Mr. LAWS's assertion that the Union exacts a fine of 10*l.* from foreign sailors landed in England before allowing them to ship with Union men. It seems that what is demanded is 20*l.* from men who have been less than two years under the English flag. In other words, the unlucky foreigner who may have been shipped to supply a real need abroad is black-mailed in what, for a man in his position, is an enormous amount, under threat that the power of the Union will be exerted to starve him if he refuses. At the same time, if he does pay, the Union will be bound to force him on ships. The 20*l.* might then be a useful investment for a thrifty man, as well as a consideration for the Union. Mr. WILSON says it may be noted "we do this" and that. Who are the "we"? Not the sailors themselves, who are far too nomadic to exercise any control over the officers of the Union. For aught that can be seen to the contrary, the "we" may all be covered by the hat of Mr. WILSON. He ends his letter by the usual frothy nonsense about the intention of the Shipping Federation to prevent legislation against overloading, and so forth. Most of this legislation had been passed before the Federation was heard of. What brought it into existence was the necessity of combined defence against the Union of which Mr. WILSON is the spokesman and apparently the master.

THE OPPRESSION OF THE LAW.

THE Duke of WESTMINSTER deserves the thanks of the public, especially of persons with moderate incomes, for resisting the claim of Mr. SARELL against which the Court of Appeal so emphatically decided on Monday last. The circumstances of the case are painful. The action was for medical attendance on the Duke's son, Lord ROBERT Grosvenor, who died at Constantinople, and for embalming the young man's body. We say nothing about the amount of the plaintiff's charges. They have still to come before a jury, and we are bound, therefore, to assume that they may be fair and reasonable. The point before the Court on Monday is of vastly greater importance than the mere question whether a professor of clinical surgery in the Turkish capital has demanded more than he is entitled to receive. "From my experience of Constantinople," said Lord Justice BOWEN, according to one report, "I should imagine that the charge for everything would be as much 'as a man had got.'" From another report it is clear that the Lord Justice said "as much as a man could get." For it is difficult to imagine even an Eastern physician setting himself to make the Duke of WESTMINSTER bankrupt. Certainly Mr. SARELL embarked upon no such enterprise. For his bill—high enough, no doubt—was for less than two hundred and thirty pounds. But the plaintiff proceeded to apply for a Commission to sit at Constantinople, and take the evidence of the other doctors with whom he had consulted during Lord ROBERT's illness, or who had assisted him in the subsequent process. Against this oppressive application the Duke made a resolute stand, and gave Lord ESHER the opportunity of using some very plain language, which will be of incalculable benefit to future suitors. These Commissions are the curse of the law. Unlike good words, they cost much, and are worth little. The Master seems to have granted this one as if it were a mere form, being apparently of opinion that it is part of an Englishman's birthright to have his hand in his neighbour's pocket. Luckily the defendant is a man to whom, as the cant phrase goes, money is no object, and, instead of submitting meekly, he fought resolutely. His opponent was equally pertinacious, appealing from the Judge in Chambers to the Divisional Court, and from the Divisional Court to the Lords Justices. The MASTER of the ROLLS, referring to the practice of granting Commissions indiscriminately, said that "the result of that practice was to make the costs of a common law action greater since the Judicature Acts than they

"were before, and parties were so oppressed by the abuse of that practice that they shunned the Courts as though they were places of pestilence. People had rather pay any sum than go to law, and if merchants and others were compelled to litigate, they preferred to go before lay tribunals constituted by themselves. Justice was, in fact, being denied in the QUEEN's Courts, and people were obliged to seek for it elsewhere." These sentences, deliberately uttered by the President of the appellate tribunal, apparently with the assent, and certainly without the dissent, of his colleagues, possess a significance which it would be difficult to exaggerate. They must be considered as well as read by all inferior Courts, and, if they do not produce an adequate effect, it will be the duty of Parliament to ask the reason why. Law exists for the protection, not for the harassment, of the lieges. It is designed to be, in the famous words of Lord BROUGHAM, not "the two-edged sword of craft and oppression," but "the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

It is curious that another case heard on the same day as *SARELL v. the Duke of WESTMINSTER* should have also illustrated the scandalous fashion in which unnecessary costs are accumulated. NASH was a labourer employed by the Cunard Steamship Company in unloading a ship. While he was raising bags from the hold a bale fell upon him, and he was hurt. He brought an action in the City of London Court. The judge of that Court, Mr. KERR, better known by his obsolete title of Commissioner KERR, held that there was no evidence of negligence on the part of the foreman, and gave judgment for the Company. The question was whether SMITH, the foreman, ordered NASH into a position of danger, or whether NASH went into it of his own accord, either not being aware of the risk or voluntarily choosing to incur it. The jury, who assessed the damages conditionally, found that SMITH was not guilty of negligence, and that NASH was, although the arrangement itself was unsafe. The Divisional Court held that the circumstances justified the ruling of Judge KERR. But the most interesting part of the details, as ANTHONY TROLLOPE would have said, is that a sum of seven pounds was spent upon shorthand writer's notes because the judge had taken none himself. Now NASH is presumably a poor man, who will have felt the ordinary expenses of a lawsuit keenly enough, and who, being disabled for work at the age of twenty-three, is an object for the deepest commiseration. Every judge of the High Court sitting at *nisi prius* takes in longhand a note of all the material evidence laid before the jury. Judge KERR declines to do so. He bases his refusal upon the terms of the last County Court Act, which provides that "the judge, at the request of either party, shall make a note of any question of law raised at such trial or hearing, and of the facts in evidence in relation thereto." Such a request was not made in this case, and, indeed, could hardly have been made, because the point of law was raised by the judge's direction to the jury. Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice CHARLES accordingly exonerated him from the accusation of ignoring his duty. Meanwhile, however, the unfortunate NASH is fined seven pounds, unless he succeeds in his appeal, because the judge of the City of London Court will not condescend to do what judges of the High Court do every day.

THE R. AND R. R. BILL.

MANY interesting questions are suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE's introduction of the RIFON and RUSSELL Relief Bill; and some of them were actually addressed to him—one notably by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY—in the course of last Wednesday's debate. But, to our thinking, the most interesting of all is the unasked question, why the Bill was not a RUSSELL Relief Bill alone? Of course, if it were not a means of relief for anybody in particular the explanation, though the rather indulgent explanation, would be that one prominent legal disability simply suggested another; though even then it would be a little remarkable that neither to Mr. GLADSTONE this year nor to Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN last year should it have occurred, as it actually did to Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY, to consider whether the arguments for the Bill might not be applicable to the most conspicuous disqualification in the realm. We venture, however, with the utmost deference to Mr. ASQUITH, to reject, on behalf of all the adult inhabitants of these islands, the proposition that "no person engaged in the promotion of that Bill, or who would

"vote for that Bill, knew or cared what influence it might have on the political or personal fortunes of any 'man living.' As a specimen of forensic hardihood it excites our respectful admiration, and would enable us, even if Mr. ASQUITH's abilities were far less considerable than they are, to account for his rapid rise in his profession. We, of course, accept his assurance that he personally is not 'aware' of the existence of these motives for the Bill, and that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's prospective claims to the Chancellorship have no more occurred to him than have the prospective claims of any other lawyer to the vacancy which Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's elevation to the woolsack would create. But he really must excuse us, as he will also have to excuse all but his fellow-countrymen of the tenderest years, for still believing that, if the Attorney-General of Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration and the leading lawyer of the Gladstonian party had not been a Roman Catholic, we should never have seen his revered leader's name on the back of a Catholic Relief Bill, or, at any rate, we should certainly never have heard him support it with one of those 'finest speeches he has ever delivered' which threaten to become as numerous as the races with which he is connected by the sacred tie of blood.

No; it is a little too audacious to pretend that the Bill was introduced without reference to the distinguished advocate in question, or that if Mr. GLADSTONE had succeeded in passing it, and were to return to power (Heaven forbid it!) two years hence, he would look around him and light upon his newly-qualified Chancellor with all the innocent surprise and gratification of Mr. WEMMICK when, at the appropriate moment of the marriage ceremony, he found the wedding-ring in his waistcoat pocket. It was a Bill to enable Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to hold the Great Seal; and small blame to it for that same. Like most pretenders to superior virtue, the Gladstonians overdo the part. If they hold that the disqualification of Catholics for the Chancellorship is indefensible—and we quite admit that there is much to be said for that opinion—it is no particular reproach to them, it is at any rate pardonably 'human' in them, to have had their hostility to that disqualification sensibly increased by the circumstance that it will operate to exclude an eminent member of their party from the recognized reward of such valuable services as he has undoubtedly rendered them. They might, therefore, and should, have frankly admitted that the Bill was a RUSSELL Relief Bill; but we can quite understand that a frank admission of this sort would have landed them in other difficulties. It has been found convenient for descriptive purposes to put Lord RIFON's name into the popular 'short title' of the measure along with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's, but not, we are bound to say, with anything like equal warrant in the probabilities of the case. Lord RIFON has already received from his party as much recognition as his merits demand, and perhaps more than their interests would have suggested; and there is no reason that we know of for supposing that he would be preferred to Lord SPENCER, or Lord ABERDEEN, or Lord DONNYBROOK (the Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE that now is), as the first Viceroy of a Home-Ruled Ireland. Why, then, mix up the questions of two such utterly different disqualifications as those connected respectively with the wholly dissimilar offices of Lord-Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor—disqualifications sustained by arguments of such strikingly unequal strength, with the case for one of them weakened to the point of overthrow by a series of adverse analogies, and the other fortified by the fact that the only analogy which exists to be appealed to in the kingdom is in its favour? The only possible answer to this is that suggested by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, that the removal of the disability attaching to Catholics as regards the Irish Viceroyalty is part and parcel of Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule policy for Ireland. And since—as must be admitted alike by opponents and supporters of both reliefs—the question raised with respect to the office is not by any means as plain sailing as that which arises with respect to the English Chancellorship, there was an abundant supply of reasons for refusing to entertain Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill.

THE ABUSE OF REVOLVERS.

IT is a little remarkable that a man so shrewd and 'common-sensible' as Mr. LOWTHER should not see the distinction between appealing through the HOME

SECRETARY to the CROWN—to mitigate a criminal sentence flagrantly in excess of an offender's deserts—and inviting the House of Commons to pronounce upon such a question of 'nicely calculated' less or more as that which he brought forward on a motion for adjournment last Thursday night. There is no reason to suppose that the House is either more or less competent than any other assembly of six hundred and seventy decently instructed and, with a few painful exceptions, fairly intelligent Englishmen; and we feel quite sure that, if Mr. LOWTHER could throw a gigantic net into an English crowd, and haul out an impromptu appeal court of this description, their various views as to the question he would have to submit to them would convince him of their thorough unfitness to constitute such a tribunal. To begin with, probably he would find no two successive members of the court in agreement with each other; and this fact alone, if brought as speedily to light as we expect it would be, might suggest the expediency of discontinuing the proceedings. Now, when HARGAN was originally sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, there was hardly any member of the community, outside the criminal classes, who was not astonished by the severity of the punishment, with the exception, of course, of the estimable and thoroughly capable judge who had so unaccountably fixed it. And, again, when it was known that the HOME SECRETARY had advised a very large reduction of the penalty, we are not aware that more than one other person in the United Kingdom disapproved of the act. But at that point popular agreement ceases, and between the two extreme views on either side—that of Baron BRAMWELL, who thinks that HARGAN's act was not inordinately punished by a sentence which treated it as only just short of murder, and that of Mr. LOWTHER, who does not think that it deserved any punishment at all—there is evidently room for an indefinite variety of opinions. Which is assuredly much the same thing as saying that a popular assembly ought not to be invited to review the decision of a responsible Minister, who is in this instance a legal expert, and has had access to the best means of framing a sound judgment on the question.

Both in its general and in its specific application, the justification by Mr. MATTHEWS of his action in HARGAN's case will be accepted practically by every one as thoroughly satisfactory. It is impossible not to agree with him and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that the shooting of the men HARGAN killed was a crime that deserved serious punishment. Whether the term of that punishment should be twelve months, or whether the five which have now elapsed since the original sentence was passed are sufficient, is a question of detail, such as the HOME SECRETARY can determine infinitely better than the House of Commons. One of Mr. MATTHEWS's arguments, to the effect that the offence could not be passed over with impunity, was ingenious and conclusive. If HARGAN had been a policeman, especially a member of the Irish Constabulary, can any human being doubt that the bulk of the Parliamentary Opposition—and especially Mr. LABOUCHERE—would be clamouring for his life, and that no one would feel entitled to complain if his sentence had been one of eighteen months' hard labour or five years' penal servitude? Yet a policeman is by law and common sense entitled to rather more freedom of protecting himself than an ordinary person. It was unnecessary on Thursday evening, and is unnecessary now, to discuss further the sentence passed by Mr. Justice CHARLES; but there can be no doubt that if it had been one of twelve months' hard labour no particular notice would have been taken of the case. The debate on Mr. LOWTHER's motion afforded more than one instance of the difficulty of coming to a just conclusion as to the propriety of a criminal sentence without a more complete acquaintance with the facts than most people are in a position to make. Mr. LOWTHER, who presumably had investigated the circumstances as well as he could, 'would not weary the House by going through the long category 'of offences recorded against' the deceased men; but, by quoting a passage from the judge's summing up, apparently inserted in the prisoner's favour, he gave it clearly to be understood that they were ruffians of the most desperate character. It turned out that LAMBERT, the worst of the two, had had six months for assault twenty years ago, and had since then been convicted seven times of such offences as being drunk while in charge of a horse and cart. WHEELER, the other man who was shot, is known to have been convicted only twice, and the last time was for breaking the window of a public-house, nine years before he was

shot. No judge would have treated WHEELER as an habitual criminal, and LAMBERT, considered in that light, was not worse than a large proportion of the prisoners who are convicted of crimes at every sessions and assizes. The evidence established pretty clearly that HARGAN waited for a few moments while the men approached him, and it certainly seems probable that if he had had no revolver he would have walked on and escaped from any serious molestation.

At the time when HARGAN'S sentence was remitted, we expressed our opinion that the substitution of a very short for a very long term of punishment had met the requirement of justice, and we admitted that it would have been difficult for Mr. MATTHEWS to have advised the grant of a free pardon to a man whose act, whatever excuse might be pleaded for it, could not be said to come within the legal definition of justifiable homicide. Nothing that was urged the other night by Mr. LOWTHER or any of his supporters induces us to think that that opinion stands in any need of revision, unless, indeed, it can be called revising it to admit that it ought, perhaps, to have been stated in stronger terms than we used. For our own part, after hearing all that can be said for the grant of a free pardon to HARGAN, and acting on the wise advice of the HOME SECRETARY to give the convict the benefit of the doubt on every doubtful point, we cannot see how it would have been possible either to remit his punishment altogether or even to pass upon him any lighter sentence than the revised one which he is now undergoing. This, however, is a personal view of the question, which does not in any way influence our general conviction of the inexpediency of Mr. LOWTHER'S action. If we thought that the punishment was even now somewhat too heavy for the offence, or if, on the other hand, we leaned in the direction of Lord BRAMWELL'S opinion, and thought that some much slighter reduction of the original sentence would be nearer the mark, we should still hold that the HOME SECRETARY'S decision on the question ought not to be challenged in the House of Commons. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY observed the other night that the case showed the necessity of a Court of Criminal Appeal. But the decisions of such a Court would no more be accepted than those of the HOME SECRETARY if the tendency which motions like Mr. LOWTHER'S encourage were to gain ground in Parliament.

Another case illustrating the danger of keeping revolvers came before Mr. BUSHEY at Worship Street during the past week. JOHN FINKELSTEIN, a Russian Pole, had a difference with ROSA, his wife, "over insufficient supplies of food," and a box containing money. "Having produced a revolver," and observed that he had "spent 12s. on that"—a sum which would have procured him sufficient supplies of food for a week—FINKELSTEIN proceeded to shoot at his wife twice. She did her best to take the revolver away from him, and escaped with a flesh wound across the face. He is committed for trial on the charge of attempted murder, and if he should be found guilty, the exact duration of his sentence will be far more suitably left to whatever judge may try him than determined upon by a vote of the House of Commons. It is a venerable and valuable principle of criminal practice that the unlawful taking of life is a crime which, whatever the mitigating circumstances, cannot be regarded as of no importance. It is just because the practice of carrying firearms is so likely to lead to it that it is particularly undesirable to treat cases where persons have been shot dead with greater leniency than is clearly justified.

ITALIAN AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

AMONG the many important pieces of work which Macaulay accomplished for his country, not the least important has been his scheme for the examination of candidates for the Civil Service of India. In the main the list of subjects which Macaulay drew up, after much thought and careful balancing of considerations, has been universally adopted till the present time, and it may seriously be questioned whether the Civil Service Commissioners are acting wisely in proposing a very important alteration—namely, the complete omission of Italian language and literature from the subjects accepted in any Government examination. The study of Italian literature in England has undergone a curious series of fluctuations during the last two hundred years. In the eighteenth century the frivolous spirit of the times ignored almost completely the works of Dante and the other early Italian poets. In the first half of the present cen-

tury there was a distinct revival of interest in the literature of Italy. Macaulay himself was one of those who did most to foster this revival, beginning with his eloquent article on Milton and Dante, written in 1825 for the *Edinburgh Review*—an article which at once aroused a fresh interest in the *Divine Comedy*, and showed the British world that a new writer of most brilliant powers had arisen. Robert Hall, writhing with pain, and well-nigh worn out with disease, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify Macaulay's parallel between Milton and Dante. Throughout most of the first half of the present century this interest in Italian language and literature grew and flourished, and then gradually faded away. Within the last five-and-twenty years a new and, it is to be hoped, a more lasting interest has been developed in what is one of the most beautiful and graceful languages in the world, and in that greatest of poems, which has been so eloquently commented on by the late Dean of St. Paul's, whose recent death has been so heavy a loss, not only to the Church of which he was so noble a member, but also to the cause of literature and of education throughout the country.

In an essay, published in January 1850, Dean Church wrote as follows:—

The *Divina Commedia* is one of the landmarks of History. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art, and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by all who come after. It stands with the *Iliad* and Shakspeare's Plays, with the writings of Aristotle and Plato, with the *Novum Organum* and the *Principia*, with Justinian's Code, with the Parthenon and St. Peter's.

Moreover, a long line of other Italian, and especially Florentine, writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries occupy a position of unrivalled importance among the literatures of the whole world. To say nothing of the poets whose names are household words—Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, and others—it should be remembered that during the fifteenth century, at one of the most momentous periods of the world's history, Florence occupied a unique position as the central point of the development of the Renaissance of classical learning and art, and was the birthplace of the modern era in literature and science. For these and other reasons we cannot but feel that any check to the study of Italian history, literature, and art is a thing which is seriously to be lamented.

Within recent years much has been done by a number of able and painstaking English writers to encourage the study of Italian literature and art. After Dean Church came Mr. J. A. Symonds, Dr. Moore of Oxford, Mr. William Vernon, and others, who have made it a real labour of love to lead their fellow-countrymen to the rich stores which are to be found in the literature of Italy. Thus, we cannot but regard it as a retrograde movement when we find that the Commissioners of the Civil Service are now dealing so severe a blow to the study in Britain of this wide and permanently important branch of knowledge. No doubt the ground taken, not unreasonably, by the Commissioners would be that it is not their business to indicate the subjects which can most profitably be studied in the schools and universities of this country. Their business might be considered to be purely and simply that of selective examiners, ready to accept any general scheme of education which happens to be in vogue. Practically, however, this is not so. A body occupying so influential a position as that of the Civil Service Commission cannot and ought not to ignore its unavoidable responsibilities. Headmasters of schools, and to a certain extent the colleges of our Universities, are influenced very largely by the thought of what line of study will "pay" in examinations such as their pupils are likely to undergo, rather than the nobler consideration of what branches of learning are of the highest educational and intellectual value. In learning, as in other commodities, the demand creates the supply, and there can be no doubt that this alteration in the scheme of Government examinations will deal a very severe blow to the study of the literature and language of Italy throughout this country.

One of the reasons given, we believe, for this omission from the list of admitted subjects is that Italian is too easy a language to be any test of a candidate's intellectual power. And, secondly, that it especially lends itself to the skill and tricks of the "crammers."

Now, in the first place, Italian, though easy to read with the assistance of Latin and French, is by no means an easy language to speak with elegance, or even with ordinary correctness. It is full of peculiar idioms and turns of expression; and requires the skilful use of a number of small particles and adverbs, thrown in exactly at the right place, by any one who has any pretension to speak it with an even passable amount of style. Even the pronunciation is by no means so simple a thing as it seems at first. Though the pronunciation of each separate word is fairly simple and straightforward, yet one peculiarity of the spoken language is that the general intonation of each sentence is even more important than the pronunciation of each word. It is not uncommon to hear foreigners who have lived for long in Italy speaking with correct accent each separate word, and yet, owing to a faulty intonation of the general run of the sentence, their meaning is almost, if not wholly, unintelligible to their Italian auditor. As to the question of "cram," this objection would certainly apply with equal force to the Spanish

language, which is one of those which are still admitted among the Civil Service examination subjects. If "cram" is triumphant in an examination in Italian, it is most clearly the examiner's fault. No doubt it requires a good deal of extra trouble on the part of an examiner to defeat the wiles of the professional crammer. Examiners in any subject are liable to fall into the easy use of a number of stock questions which the "crammers" very soon learn and take measures to deal with. Nevertheless, a very ordinary amount of skill and pains on the part of the examiner can defeat this and send the candidate, however cleverly crammed, away discomfited. If this difficulty has occurred in the past, the right cure for it would surely be a more careful choice of examiners rather than the rejection of so important a subject.

Another important consideration is that, owing to the great intellectual and scientific progress made by the Italians during the past quarter of a century, students of a great variety of subjects will find themselves seriously at a loss if they are unable to make use of the valuable monographs and scientific periodicals which are now being published in so many of the chief cities of Italy.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that the modern Italians have produced, and every day are producing, most important contributions to our knowledge of astronomy, medicine, archeology, art history, mechanical engineering, and other branches of science. The arguments in favour of the retention of Italian as an examination subject might be quoted to much greater length, but the considerations we have already stated will perhaps suffice to show that those who regret any injury done to the advancement of the study of Italy, its language, its literature, and its art, are not without reason in their protest against the recent determination of the Civil Service Commissioners.

IVANHOE.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has written an opera containing so much that is beautiful, and so much more that is powerfully dramatic, as to incline us to describe *Ivanhoe* as a fine work, worthy to be ranked with the lasting achievements which keep their places firmly in operatic *répertoires*. It deserves high success; whether it will achieve its deserts depends upon the amount of musical intelligence and appreciation to be found among the public at large—and this term "at large" extends beyond a narrow circle of cultivated amateurs of music to places in which we hardly think that much intelligence or appreciation is discoverable. Our fear is that such a work as *Ivanhoe*, which cannot fail to delight those who are gifted with appreciation of music and melody, may not appeal to the considerable section of the play-going public that is needed to sustain an enterprise of these dimensions. It is to be hoped that this estimate may do injustice to the public in question. There is spectacle to attract at the Royal English Opera, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's name is one to conjure with; moreover, everybody knows the story of *Ivanhoe*, and that is much. But we cannot avoid the suspicion that there are two classes of audience; one, and that enormously the larger, that would like an opera entirely made up of such tunes as the "Ho, jolly Jenkin!" refrain, and with no liking—with, indeed, a distaste—for the score that appeals with far greater force to that smaller class which enjoys "Ho, jolly Jenkin!" very much in its place, but would soon grow tired of, and would never very greatly esteem, an opera containing nothing but such music.

There are very few, if any, points in which we should desire alteration in Mr. Julian Sturgis's book. The stage management of the first scene in Cedric's Hall would be improved if the characters—Brian de Bois-Guilbert, De Bracy, and Ivanhoe in the Palmer's guise—entered nearer to the front of the stage, so that the ceremonial of the reception of the Normans and the fact of Ivanhoe's arrival were made more important. But this is confessedly a trivial detail to begin with, and we should first address ourselves to the music, which reveals all that is best in Sir Arthur's method, with a degree of force which we were not sure he possessed. Melodious he cannot help being—or, if he can, he has very successfully hidden that doubtful accomplishment—but what strikes us chiefly in the score of *Ivanhoe* is the firm hand with which the dramatic characterization is marked. There is Ivanhoe, a brave knight, but before all else a lover, and the music seems strikingly illustrative of the Saxon hero's personality. He has a love-song, a very charming one, "Haply with winged feet"; Brian de Bois-Guilbert has a love-song, too, a fierce and passionate rhapsody; and let the reader see how well in each case the character of the singer is indicated and preserved. That the two songs should be totally different is a matter of course; but the point is, the precise suitability of each to the person and the circumstance. A finer, but to the attentive ear a scarcely less recognizable, distinction is maintained between the music of Rebecca and of Rowena. There is pathos in both, but it is gentle and tender in the case of the latter, far deeper and more overpowering with the Jewish maiden; Ulrica, again, has music which is strangely suitable to her, and could not possibly be suitable to anybody else; and Friar Tuck's score is the most unmistakably characteristic of all. The composer's gift of humour finds scope in the part he has written for the Friar, with its ecclesiastical suggestion, now and again, slyly interspersed with very secular phrases. Sir Arthur's ability in this direction is well understood, but his success in two pieces of descriptive writing is the more noteworthy

because herein he is breaking fresher ground. The first is the orchestral realization, if so it may be called, of the tournament at Ashby. We look at the printed score, seeking to recall, so far as by this aid is possible, the detail of the music, and esteem it wonderful indeed that a collection of quavers should become so pictorial and instinct with life. The vaguely tumultuous movement, the sudden rush of ascending scales, the clash of arms, the sound of trumpets, and the trampling of the horses are marvelously stirring and suggestive; and the comparative simplicity of the means employed—for investigation shows them to be less complicated than they at first sound—is not, at any rate in proportion to the result attained, the least striking circumstance about them. The second description to which reference has been made is the attack on the Castle of Torquilstone, treated by the orchestra in the course of the duet between Ivanhoe and Rebecca, in the third act. The manner in which excitement is worked up and maintained in this long and elaborate work is a remarkable instance of the composer's imagination and resource. He has in his favour the advantage that martial music is of course very distinct and marked in character, but he eschews conventional means, so far as it is possible, and chiefly obtains his effects by original combinations. Our present idea is that the latter portion of the duet, from Ivanhoe's regretful "How canst thou know what pain it is to lie all helpless here?" should be omitted, and that after her prayer, "O God of Israel, pardon in this hour the men whom Thou hast made," the angry redness that flushes the heavens should be at once apparent. There is a lull after the storm in the existing score, and we do not quite see its value—it rather tends to weakness, but the music is wholly admirable.

Another very remarkable piece of work is the Templar's fierce love-song, rich in subdued passion at the outset, rising to a pitch of irrepressible fervour. We should like to be sure that this song will be rated at its true worth, and if it is not, it certainly will not be for any lack of power in the delivery by Mr. Eugène Udin, for he is an actor and singer of quite exceptional capacity, and finds what has the appearance of being a very congenial part in Brian de Bois-Guilbert. We must not say the same of the other Brian, Mr. Nojé, a fair singer, but not in the least an actor. He sings of the lion in the tones of the sucking-dove. Author and composer have, indeed, provided their exponents with excellent opportunities; for Ivanhoe, after a duet with Rowena that is full of delicious passages, has his outburst of triumphant hope in the fine song, "Like mountain lark my spirit upward springs." If Mr. Ben Davies, the Ivanhoe, had the dramatic strength of Mr. Udin, this would be finer still; but, admirable as a singer, this Ivanhoe (and the same remark applies to the other representative of the part, Mr. O'Mara) does not convey the notion of the knight. Mr. Davies has not the skill to adopt obvious suggestions, such as the betrayal of some surprise—of some sentiment or other, at any rate—when Isaac announces his discovery that "the holy Palmer's frock away to a knightly stride." Sir Arthur has lavished a wealth of melody on the ladies. Rowena certainly has not an unmelodious bar, the quartet in which she takes part in the third act is scarcely less notable than her air and duet in the first, and there are two equally acceptable representatives, on alternate evenings, in Miss Palliser and Miss Lucille Hill. Rebecca, however, will be rated as the chief part, and this is finely sung by Miss Macintyre (except that she is prone to over-exertion) and Miss Thudichum, of whom the former is the more experienced actress, though the Jewish maiden might be expected to show more emotion—it might be terror or it might be resignation, but she would surely be less mildly placid—at the prospect of being burnt to death at the stake. Miss Thudichum's beautiful voice and delightful phrasing go far to compensate for her inexperience. Miss Groebel, the Ulrica, has vocal and dramatic ability. The nearest approach to commonplace in the music is, perhaps, the King's song, "I ask nor wealth, nor courtier's praise," but the simple air is made interesting by variety of orchestration. We were fascinated by the tenor song, "Happy with winged feet"; but the opera is studded with beautiful passages. Of the mounting we do not propose to speak, the daily papers having already done so much in the way of description. That it should all be as rich, and striking, and artistic as it can be made by the expenditure of money and care is a matter of course in such a venture as that which Mr. D'Oyly Carte has undertaken. He expresses the opinion that the public he seeks has an existence, and we hope he is right. Surely no one ever more thoroughly deserved success.

To a more detailed consideration of the music we hope to return on some future occasion.

CORPS ARTILLERY.

FOR the benefit of our lay readers we may as well begin by stating what Corps artillery is. It was formerly the custom to keep a certain number of guns apart from the remainder and hold them in hand until the crisis of the action had arrived, when they were brought up to give the last knock-down blow, and clear the way for the columns of assault. Such guns were designated and treated as Reserve artillery. The experiences of the campaigns of 1859, 1866, and 1870, however, demonstrated that in times when guns had sufficient range to

produce telling effect beyond the zone of musketry, it was a grievous error thus voluntarily to deprive oneself of their full assistance in the earlier stages of the fight, and that the true way to handle the arm was to bring all its strength to bear from the very commencement. As if to accentuate the new tactics and remove all traces of old-fashioned ideas the term "Reserve" was abolished, and the guns that might be organised as a separate body for any special purpose by the chief of an army corps were henceforth known as "Corps artillery." This practice has become universal in all the armies of Europe, with the exception of that of Russia, and while each division of a corps is allotted its due proportion of guns, termed "Divisional artillery," some are set aside in the manner we have stated. Thus, in our army, while three field batteries are assigned to each of the three divisions which go to form one of our army corps, three horse and two field batteries are left unattached. Although these guns are not intended to be kept out of action and "nursed" till the supreme moment of the day, are intended in fact to produce the crisis and not wait for it, still the value of a powerful force specially told off to be at the call of the officer commanding the corps is not lost sight of, and he is theoretically supposed to utilize them when he wishes to strike a telling blow; and, moreover, they are intended to form a *point d'appui* for the Divisional guns to form on as they take up their positions. In these days few institutions long escape the canker of criticism, and now there are indications that this symmetrical arrangement, so long insisted on and admired by tacticians, is to be called in question. The great authorities of all nations have hitherto lent it their countenance, and the high approval of Hohenlohe, whom men now worship under the name of Kraft, has stamped its success. He describes how round the bivouac fires, during the French campaign, the officers playing whist would mutter as one led out his trumps, "See, he is bringing his Corps artillery into action"! So well had the lessons of the text-book been appreciated and remembered. Such an employment of artillery as is here alluded to has its origin far back in the history and traditions of the arm, when one portion was subdivided amongst small bodies of infantry, and was known as Battalion or Regimental guns, while the larger part was massed together and kept in reserve. Pieces which had to accompany infantry throughout the day, and which in early days were dragged by hand, were necessarily of small calibre, and so it came about that the united portion of the guns were usually of heavier metal, and were drawn by horses; although even then their mobility was contemptible. The heavier guns were relied on both to open the action or repulse the attack of the enemy, and the lighter ones accompanied the infantry advance. Napoleon, who was a gunner before he was a general, developed the power of his favourite arm to the utmost, and the guns were attached to brigades and divisions, were given a more uniform calibre, greater mobility, and were taught not only to open the action but to accompany and prepare the way for the infantry attack; also, where a heavy impression was to be made, the guns from the corps held in reserve were hurried up, and, at the shortest possible range, poured a deluge of grape on the spot destined for assault.

The introduction of rifling rendered this method of handling guns unnecessary. The vast increase in range which was hereby given to artillery enabled it to produce telling effect at an early stage of the action and at a greatly increased distance from the hostile line. Moreover, the development of shrapnel fire endowed it with a man-killing power far in excess of that which it hitherto possessed. Finally, the invention of the breechloading rifle so enhanced the effect of musketry that without a most substantial support from artillery an assault had little chance of being successful. On the one hand, of the defence, guns were looked to to compel a distant deployment and annihilate the only arm that could effect the breach in the ranks of their comrades; while, on the other, those of the attack were obliged to subdue the fire of the artillery opposed to them ere their infantry could hope for victory. Thus it has come about that in the earlier stages of a modern battle an artillery duel is regarded as inevitable, and that the first idea of every commander is to assert his superiority as regards that arm as soon as possible. Every available gun will therefore be early pushed into the fight, and all will usually be at once engaged, to whatever organization they belong, or by whatever name they may be known. Even on the line of march, where a corps moves on one road, both "Corps" and "Divisional" guns must be placed well to the front if they are to reach their positions on the battlefield in good time. In the later stages of an engagement, when the infantry sweep forward, all the guns available would support the movement. At such a stage, whether guns moved or not would depend entirely on how they had survived the combat they had just taken part in, and no general would stay to consider whether guns were termed "Corps" or "Divisional," provided only they had their teams intact and their limber-boxes full. There are obvious disadvantages, too, in the present arrangement, sanctioned though it be by almost universal adoption. To begin with it means multiplication of orders and division of responsibility, for four commanding officers of artillery would in our case have to be considered in place of three. It also causes a difficulty in assigning guns their position on the line of march. Three divisions would in almost all cases move on more than one road. On which will it be best to place the Corps artillery? To subdivide it would be to destroy its *raison d'être*. Yet it can rarely be foreseen where the greatest weight of metal will eventually be most

urgently required, and it may therefore happen that the division most heavily assailed will be supported, at any rate for a time, by only three batteries, while another not engaged at all may have eight at hand! Is there anything inherent in the nature of artillery which will prevent its being made use of by a general precisely how and where he may desire? He would not hesitate to thrust the brigade of infantry nearest to him into a dangerous gap without considering to which division it belonged. What, therefore, is to prevent his acting similarly with the artillery, taking guns from a division not actively engaged, and throwing them into the balance where the fortune of war called for their aid? The answer is, that no man likely to be at the head of troops on the battlefield would let himself, nor has ever let himself, be governed for one moment by pedantic considerations such as we have indicated; and the record of what has actually taken place in war gives us the clearest possible proof of the futility of maintaining distinctions which will not be respected in moments of emergency.

The history of the campaign of 1870 fails to show any real distinction in the employment of "Divisional" and "Corps" artillery. At Woerth, certainly, the guns of the V. Corps of the German army deployed on the Corps artillery in the orthodox manner, and formed a vast line of artillery on that *point d'appui*; but, later on, distinctions were forgotten, and all the guns alike kept sluggishly behind, and failed to advance to the support of the infantry until late in the day, when, it is to be observed, the paper organisation was violated, and half the Corps artillery moved ahead with the batteries of the 10th Division. At Colombey the Corps artillery of the VII. Corps, so far from being utilized as theory had laid down, arrived so late as to be of little if any value; and the similar unit with the I. Corps, in place of being used to make the impression on the decisive point, as inculcated by the text-books, was employed in just the same manner as the Divisional guns, and was split up into three groups the moment it made its appearance under fire. One of these groups, it is likewise to be noticed, never got a chance of firing a shot at all. At Vionville, when the Corps artillery of the III. Corps came upon the scene it was pushed into the fight irreverently, just exactly where the struggling infantry had most need for its assistance, and to all intents and purposes as though it had been styled "Divisional." Here, again, we find its batteries in three groups, and even mixed up with Divisional guns. If we trace the proceedings of the Corps artillery of the X. Corps on the same day a precisely similar state of things is brought to light. Nowhere do we discover Corps artillery being thrown into the doubtful battle, nor offering a rallying point to the other guns. The annals of Gravelotte are scarcely more encouraging, as far as the doings of the VII. and VIII. German Corps are concerned, and "Corps" and "Divisional" batteries are found standing next one another, or sometimes intermingled in one vast battery. Corps guns are found going to the succour of neighbouring infantry, or even pressing forward with their advance against the enemy; yet theory and text-books have been loud in asserting that to accompany the infantry attack is the duty of the "Divisional" guns alone, and that it is from them that their comrades must look for aid. Who, however, will be bold enough to blame such tactics, or who will grudge the "Corps" artillery the praise their genial co-operation spontaneously evoked? Circumstances are often too strong for theory, and prim pedantry must frequently be cast aside at a pinch. When prompt succour is required, and minutes are of importance, few will ask whence it comes if only it arrive in time, and at such moments inconvenient distinctions exist but to be ignored. Such are some of the arguments which are now advanced for the abolition of what is in many quarters regarded as an unnecessary subdivision of the artillery with an army corps. They apply with particular force to our organization, because with us an army corps contains three divisions, and some of the defenders of the present system on the Continent have admitted that with an army corps that is thus subdivided many of the objections they are able to bring forward against the proposed change would fall to the ground.

MONEY MATTERS.

BANKERS generally are very naturally dissatisfied with Mr. Goschen's statement in his Leeds speech, that the joint-stock and private banks keep totally inadequate reserves, and thereby every now and then endanger the trade and credit of the country. They urge that the success with which the crisis last November was tided over is proof that the organization of the money market is not so unsatisfactory as the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have us believe. The joint-stock and private banks have a strong interest in persuading the public that this is so. As Mr. Goschen stated at Leeds, they are in the habit of lending and discounting "up to the hilt"—that is to say, of taking a profit upon every penny which they can dispose of, leaving first to the Bank of England, and next to the Government, the risk and cost of keeping a reserve. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by compelling them to publish frequent returns, obliges them to keep adequate reserves, they will not be able to do this, and consequently they will have to put up with smaller profits. Bearing this in mind, we shall be prepared to find that they are making

the most of a bad state of things. But let us inquire whether, in fact, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has correctly represented the danger of the situation, or whether the joint-stock and private banks are right. With regard to the private banks we can say nothing, since they never publish accounts, and therefore, for anything the public can know, they may hold no reserves at all. But the joint-stock banks publish accounts twice a year, and this will enable us to judge of the adequacy of their reserves. It will be borne in mind that just towards the end of each half-year the joint-stock banks call in money from the bill-brokers and discount-houses, compelling the latter to go to the Bank of England for accommodation, thereby trying to spread the belief that the cash reserves which they keep are larger than they usually are. Let us see, however, what they did keep at the end of a half-year when they had the strongest interest for inducing the public to believe that their reserves were adequate. The *Statist*, a fortnight ago, published tables showing the deposits, the acceptances, and the cash held by the nine London banks on the last day of the past year. We find that the current accounts and deposits of the nine amounted to 75,685,000*l.*, and their acceptances to 10,825,000*l.*, making together 86,510,000*l.* This constituted the liabilities of the nine banks. The deposits, we need not remind our readers, are owed to the general public, who lodge money with them either for a period or to draw against by means of cheques; while the acceptances represent the bills which are drawn upon the banks and accepted by them, thereby becoming liabilities which the banks may be called upon to meet as they fall due. Against these liabilities of slightly over 86½ millions the nine banks held in cash, either in their own coffers or at the Bank of England, 11,399,000*l.*—just about 13½ per cent., or about 2s. 8*d.* in the pound. It is usually thought that the Bank of England reserve is dangerously small if it falls to less than one-third of the liabilities; but here we see that at the end of the past year—a time when credit had received a shock, when the banks for months before had been making extraordinary efforts to strengthen themselves, and when, besides, they always hold a larger cash reserve than usual—the nine banks had not, in actual money, one-seventh part of their liabilities. We need not ask what the result would have been had there been a run upon the banks in November.

But it may be thought that in taking the nine banks together—many of them small institutions—we are putting the case too unfavourably for the banks. Let us see, then, how the three great purely metropolitan banks stood on the last day of the past year—the London and Westminster, the Union of London, and the London Joint Stock. Their total deposits and current accounts amounted to 51,131,000*l.*, and their acceptances to 5,677,000*l.*, making together 56,808,000*l.* The cash held by them either in their own coffers or on deposit with the Bank of England amounted to 7,961,000*l.*, or a small fraction over 14 per cent. of their liabilities. Here, again, we find that the actual cash held by these three great banks on the last day of the past year, when they had every possible inducement for making the most favourable showing, did not quite amount to one-seventh of their liabilities. It would be very interesting to learn what the cash usually amounts to, not on the last day of a trying year—that is, at a period of crisis and general apprehension—but in easy times when credit is good and there is a strong demand for loans and discounts. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer can find the time to fulfil the promise to introduce a measure, one proposal of which would be a requirement from the joint-stock banks to publish frequent returns, such a return, if it were issued weekly, like that now issued by the Bank of England, or even monthly, would have a most beneficial effect. The public would soon begin to look for it with as much interest as they now expect the weekly Bank return. They would criticize as keenly the amount of reserve held, and very soon the banks would feel that, unless they strengthened their reserves, they would lose their deposits. In the figures we have just been giving we have treated the cash at the Bank of England as if it were a real reserve. For we did not wish to put the case against the banks too unfavourably. But every reader is aware that the Bank of England is the Clearing-house bank, and that every member of the Clearing-house has consequently to keep an account at the Bank of England for Clearing-house purposes. In the figures referred to above, we are not told how much of the cash held either by the nine banks or the three great banks is in their own coffers, and how much is in the Bank of England. Neither are we told what proportion of the funds at the Bank of England is really required for Clearing-house purposes, and, therefore, not available at all as a reserve. But it is evident that a considerable amount of money must be required for Clearing-house purposes. In reality, then, the banks keep, even on the most extraordinary occasions, such as the end of a year like that recently closed, not merely less than one-seventh of their liabilities—probably they do not keep even one-tenth of their liabilities as a really available cash reserve—and the average reserve, in all likelihood, is very much smaller even than this.

On Tuesday, the Imperial Bank of Germany reduced its rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 3½ per cent., and on the following day the Austro-Hungarian Bank lowered its rate to 4 per cent. Thus the fall in the value of money upon the Continent goes on, and, for the time being, the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England have come to an end. In New York also, the market is very easy. The Associated Banks hold surplus reserves

amounting to about 4½ millions sterling, and the rate for call loans is as low as 2½ per cent. Apparently, then, money will continue abundant and cheap for some time longer. Even the revenue payments, which at this time of the year usually give the Bank of England control of the outside market, have not as yet had the effect expected. At the beginning of the week, it is true, the rate in the open market rose to about 2½ per cent., partly through fear that the joint-stock banks would begin to accumulate reserves, as they will be called upon soon to publish frequent returns, and partly in the belief that the revenue payments would reduce the supply in the market. But the rise has not been maintained, the rate having again fallen to about 1½ per cent. In about a week now the loan made by the Bank of France to the Bank of England will fall due, and very soon after a million and a half of Treasury bills taken by the Imperial Bank of Russia will mature. If the 4½ millions are taken out of this market, there may be a sudden and very great change in the condition of the market, otherwise ease is likely to continue.

The price of silver has fallen to 46½*d.* per ounce. In the United States the belief is now very general that the Silver Bill will not pass Congress, and as there is a large stock of the metal it is feared that the price may fall lower. In India money is unusually abundant and cheap for this time of the year, and upon the Continent there is no demand for silver. The market for silver securities is also very quiet.

Speculation in the stock markets continues dormant. Distrust still continues, as is proved by the magnitude of the bankers' balances at the Bank of England and the unusual largeness of the other securities. Every one now recognizes that the crisis in the Argentine Republic must continue for a long time to come, and is likely to become worse even than it is at present. The political convulsion in Chili is not yet at an end, and the state of Brazil is disquieting. In addition to the anxieties inspired by the breakdown in South America, new apprehension has been excited this week by the attempted revolution in Oporto and the fall of the Crispi Cabinet. There is a very large amount of Portuguese securities held in this country. Investors have obstinately refused to see that the country for many years past has been borrowing far beyond its means—indeed, has been borrowing to pay the interest on its old debt. Now, it is becoming clear that its credit is running dry, and if there should be a revolution the consequences must be serious. British investors are less interested in Italy; but still the disorder in the Italian finances cannot fail to have a bad effect upon Germany, and thereby upon other markets. The state of Spain likewise is very unsatisfactory. Owing to all this, operators are afraid to enter into new engagements, yet an attempt has been made to put up prices in the American market. Of course, the defeat of the Silver Bill would be regarded as a relief by the capitalist classes, and would postpone the inevitable crisis; but there is much that is unsatisfactory still in the United States. No doubt, trade is fairly active, and the railway Companies appear anxious to work in harmony with one another. On the other hand, there is a great lock-up of capital, credit has received a shock, and there seems to be no doubt that gold is being hoarded. The only department in which there has been any active speculation is that for gold shares, both Indian and South African. At the same time, there is a fair amount of investment business going on. It is said that even the stocks of Argentine and other South American railroads are being bought by the very sanguine classes of investors, and some foreign Government bonds, especially Egyptian, are likewise being purchased; but investors generally are confining their attention to home and colonial securities.

The railway dividends continue to be somewhat disappointing. Speaking generally, they are somewhat lower than at this time last year, in spite of the large increase in gross receipts during the past half-year. In other words, they confirm the expectation that the working expenses were largely increased during the past half-year. In the current year the working expenses will again be very high, and it is to be feared that the traffic receipts will not be as good as some time ago was hoped, partly because the shock given to credit is likely to check trade, and partly because there is already evidence of falling off in shipbuilding and in some other branches of trade.

A hitch has arisen in the negotiations with the Argentine Government for the sale to it of the Buenos Ayres Waterworks. The Government understood one additional outlay was to be completed and the Company another. The difference between them is as much as 800,000*l.* It is, therefore, difficult to see how the matter can be compromised.

The London joint-stock bank shares have all fallen during the week, under the impression that Mr. Goschen's proposals will make them keep large reserves; and, therefore, lessen their dividends. The London and County, for example, closed on Thursday evening at 94½, a fall of 1½ compared with Thursday of last week; London and Westminster, at 70½, a fall of 2½; London Joint Stock at 38, a fall of 1; and Union of London at 40, also a fall of 1. The apprehension is probably exaggerated, for if the banks will have less money to employ, they will be able to obtain better rates for it; and it remains to be seen, therefore, whether their profits will be very much reduced. In home railways the movements have generally been upwards. The Great Western dividend, announced on Thursday, was 4 per cent. less than

twelve months ago, and, therefore, somewhat disappointing; yet the price of the stock closed at 164½, a rise of 1½, compared with Thursday of last week. The London and North-Western dividend was also ½ per cent. less than twelve months ago, but the Stock closed at 178½, a rise of ½; Midlands closed at 150, a rise of 1; North-Eastern Consols at 166½, a rise of 1½ for the week.

In American railroad securities there has also been a general advance. Thus, Atchafson shares closed on Thursday at 31, a rise of 1 for the week; Canadian Pacific at 76½, also a rise of 1; Milwaukee at 57½, a rise of 2½. These movements are all due to speculation, for the shares are mere speculative counters which investors should not touch. Illinois Central belong to a different category; they closed at 103, a rise of 2 for the week. New York Central closed at 106½, a rise of 2½ for the week. In Indian Gold Mining shares there has been active speculation during the week and some of the lower-priced have risen remarkably. We need hardly remind our readers how precarious an industry gold-mining is, and how unsuited, therefore, the shares are for the ordinary investor. Mysore Reefs closed on Thursday evening at 7s. 3d., a rise of 2s. 3d., or over 40 per cent. compared with the preceding Thursday; Mysore West closed at 3s. 9d., a rise of 1s. 3d. for the week; and Mysore Wynaad closed at 3s. 9d., a rise of 1s.

AMONG THE KURDS.

II.

THE range of the Kara Dag, or "Black Mountain," of Kurdistan—cut off from the Luristan ranges by the deep bed of the upper Diyala, and starting from where its steep southern flanks rise abruptly from that precipitous gorge—runs to the north-west for a hundred miles, and joins its great flanking wall to the buttressed mass of mountains that towers about Rowandiz, in Central Kurdistan. Behind its eastern slopes the beautiful valley of Shahrizur, with the town of Sulimanieh to the north, 3,000 feet above sea-level, extends—fifty miles in length and about half that distance in breadth—to the foot of the frontier ranges of Media, where Sihnah, the capital of Southern Kurdistan, is situated, at the head of almost inaccessible mountain passes. It is a wild, secluded region, practically unexplored. Its rude and half-savage tribes, scantily dispersed over a vast area, only at rare intervals look upon the face of a wandering intruder from the outer world, and then only to regard the stranger as an object of ignorant suspicion or of lawful spoil. The scattered population knows only its native Kurdish, but the hereditary chiefs, for the most part, have some acquaintance with the more polished Persian tongue.

In crossing the Kara Dag, the first ascent is a toilsome climb of two hours to a rocky eminence, crowned by the deserted ruins of an ancient fort. There is a weird and gruesome feeling of loneliness about the scene at dead of night. The dark and silent forests have grim suggestions of lurking danger; and, when the four unlucky Kurds and their Jew companion pointed out the spot where they had so recently been plundered, the first impression is to hurry on. Who knows whether the same bandits may not be ambushed among the dark shadows? Yet the Black Mountain by moonlight is grand, and solemn, and striking. The precipitous slopes and deep ravines are thickly covered with forest. We descend into a magnificent gorge where the ruined arches of a stone bridge span a brawling torrent. Then follows another long climb, and then by a series of steep and stony descents we reach, at dawn, the village of Timar. The Kurdish peasants and the Jew, being safely across the dreaded mountain, go their own way and disappear. The unhappy villagers, as usual, present a most poverty-stricken and hungry appearance; their poor attempts at cultivation had only provided a harvest for the locusts, and now the few men about the village were busy threshing out a scanty store of millet to make a black, heavy bread which only the stomach of a hungry Kurd could digest. Such as it was, however, we were glad of a grudging supply, the scanty result of much persuasion and bargaining. Yesterday our daily bread had failed: we had been fain to make a late supper or early breakfast of a store of grapes and some sour whey or "leben," for which our Kurdish companions had gone foraging in the night. A big tree outside the village was shelter during the heat of the day; the horses and mules needed a day's rest after the long fatigue of the Kara Dag. Another range of hills, bare and stony, lies in the path. Coming down the long and dangerous descent the Arab mare, bewildered by that precipitous mountain track, loses her head, and narrowly escapes destruction. At last the plain below is reached, and a few hours later the travellers ride into Sulimanieh, a gazing-stock to the wild-looking Kurds that fill the streets—if such filthy alleys may be termed streets. Low mud huts encroaching on the tortuous lanes; mean bazars roofed in by rotten and decaying mats, the dark and narrow dens of shops half-hidden by staring loiterers and chaffering groups of townsfolk and peasants; malodorous smells, dust and dirt and flies—such are the first impressions of the curious traveller who enters this typical Kurdish town fresh from the free and wholesome desert. After much search and tortuous wanderings hither and thither, the weary cavalcade finds a shelter in a wretched mud enclosure. The household that occupies the two dark and cavernous dens inside will allow us (at an exorbitant hire) to occupy the open courtyard; and so,

arranging rugs and baggage with such attempts at comfort (cleanliness is out of the question) as is possible, we eat, and finally seek a needed sleep alongside our beasts.

Sulimanieh can hardly be said to be a town which improves on acquaintance. The characteristics already noted are accentuated on a closer view; they hardly become familiar to the civilized traveller. A crowd of old and young, intrusive and inquisitive, follows at his heels whenever he stirs abroad. The ordinary Kurd is about as average a boor as may be found. The town, of some twenty thousand inhabitants, has a mean appearance; there are no trees and no gardens to hide its nakedness; there is little to interest and nothing to see. The days are long and the evenings are wearisome. It is impossible to read or write when a light in the open courtyard—where man and beast share the same accommodation—attracts a plague of vermin. After dinner bed is the only refuge. The early mornings may be employed to some advantage. The environs are absolutely bare, but pleasant and picturesque; in the pure morning air it is pleasant and wholesome riding along the brown bare slopes of the stony range of hills to the north and east. From one of these morning excursions we brought home an abundant supply of watercress—to the astonishment of the women of the house, who immediately gave out that the English stranger fed on grass like a horse. There is some compensation in the supply of fruit in the bazars, which is plentiful and cheap; at this autumn season the chief traffic seems to be in very fine purple grapes and huge and most delicious melons.

We had, of course, a constant stream of visitors. Among the first were the Turkish police authorities, who demanded passports. The Chaldean priest—an illiterate man, who officiates in a mean and dismal structure adorned (as usual) with tawdry pictures—from his knowledge of Arabic and friendly disposition, was always a welcome visitor. His scanty flock are poor and oppressed Chaldeans, petty tradesmen, and mechanics. Some of the leading native merchants—who can only be described as bloated specimens of Asiatic Sybarites, profoundly ignorant—evidently came in expectation of brandy; finding their hints fruitless, they returned no more. A few "Fathers of Antiquities," chiefly Jews, came to display their hoarded wares, apparently deeming them priceless treasures. They had little to tempt a hardened and experienced traveller. An Armenian brought a magnificent collection of coins, evidently "treasure-trove," which he displayed with much mystery and secrecy. There were some 500 beautiful specimens of Greek and Roman, Bactrian, Sassanide and Cufic silver coins of various dates, but the price at which he valued them was absolutely prohibitive.

At last the Turkish post-couriers came in, two days behind their appointed time; and before sunrise of the following day our little cavalcade was on its way over the slopes of the mountain range to the east of the town. It is a bare, desolate country; here and there a wretched hamlet is to be seen in the plain below. The first halting-place is at Arbet, a village at the foot of a huge mound of broken brickwork and potsherds. The remains of old foundations may be traced for many a mile over the stony plain, the site of a lost city. The village Masjid, with a tank of beautifully clear running water in the open courtyard, gave us shelter. The plain of Shahrizur which follows is a magnificent level distance bounded by bold and rugged hills, dotted by stupendous mounds, the ruins of a forgotten former glory. These mounds, Assyrian in appearance and construction, set one thinking. Is Shahrizur the scarcely altered ancient designation of *Shahr Assur*, "the City of the Assyrians"? What a field for the explorer if the right man came to the work! No official representative of a government department, a stickler for position, to breed suspicion and obstruction, but an unobtrusive labourer, content to spend a few obscure years of toil and hardship and reap a reward of patience.

Our caravan was joined by a Kurdish lad retracing his steps on foot to his distant home. He had started for Sulimanieh under the protection of a "friend of the family," who, while the lad slept, stole his mare, his ass, and his belongings. Finding himself destitute and helpless in the wilderness, he was glad to join our company. We mounted him on a baggage-mule and shared with him such food as we had. Crossing and recrossing the winding stream of the Zabn Rud, we came at nightfall to a large Kurdish encampment on the bank. Ali and the Mukhari, who went off (as usual) to explore, returned with glowing accounts of the commanding beauty of the stalwart Kurdish chieftainess, who, in her lord's absence, presided over the Sheikh's tent, and brought a gracious invitation from the lady. But the claims of exhausted nature are too inexorable even to yield to such a summons as this. We did not see the desert beauty, not indeed from choice, but from the sheer apathy of weariness. Next day, there is a great mound by the wayside; raised on a lofty terrace, it towers in desolate grandeur over the plain. A long ascent ends at the village of Hallebeha, embowered in gardens at the foot of the great encircling wall of mountains. A great, rambling mass of buildings, like a mediæval castle, rises above the village: it is the "Kast" of Mahmoud, a powerful Kurdish chief, whom the Osmanlis have dubbed a Pasha. Mahmoud was absent, but his principal wife, attended by a crowd of retainers, came out and insisted on the travellers alighting at the castle-gate—a courteous, stately dame of the middle age, she claimed her right of hospitality with a native grace and dignity impossible to withstand. The "Diwan Khara," or public audience chamber over the gateway, was assigned for our abode, and a

bountiful breakfast of kababs, stews, butter, bread, dates, melons, grapes, milk, and "leben," with other things, soon covered the floor. An attentive menial came round with bason and ewer and towels, and the hungry travellers, with a few privileged retainers, sat down to the feast.

Privacy and quiet in such a position are, of course, out of the question. The Pasha's retainers and kinsmen are inquisitive, persistent; curiosity, and the motive of hospitality for their chief's guest, brought them in crowded and constant attendance on the strangers for whom peace had become impossible. We strolled in the very fine gardens; and we were taken into the privacy of the harem to administer quinine to two fine little fellows, sons of the Pasha, who were suffering from fever—just then prevalent at Hallebecha. Here, when our medical duties were fulfilled, we had afternoon tea with the lady of the house and her women. Rugs and cushions were spread on the upper verandah of a shady courtyard. Our hostess, gracious and self-possessed, surrounded by a number of women and girls, inferior wives and attendants apparently, did the honours of the *Samovar*, and caused the tea to be handed round in small glasses, Persian fashion. Conversation was in Persian; it was somewhat constrained, and, fearful of offending against the unfamiliar etiquette of the harem, we soon craved permission to retire. No five o'clock tea in an English country house could have given a pleasanter feeling of homelike and kindly refinement to the somewhat astonished guest; familiar with the East as he may deem himself to be, the ways of its women, lying in wait at every turn with little deeds of unsuspected kindness, are a constant reproach of ignorance which is blind and inexcusable. The Pasha arrived in the evening with his armed and mounted following; a fine-looking, prepossessing man in the prime of life, exercising an almost despotic authority over his people. He bade a kindly welcome to his guest, and retired to prepare for dinner in the Diwan Khara. At sunset some forty hungry Kurds hung up their arms and sat down to huge platters smoking with "pillau," the Pasha and his English guest dipping their hands into the same dish. The scene recalled a similar evening spent in the mountain fastness of Tawa Mir, the redoubtable chief of the Hamavends, shortly before the Persians seized and slaughtered him by an act of the most detestable treachery. A party of Turkish officers arrived in the midst of dinner, and it soon became evident that their arrival boded no good to the travellers. They had followed us from Sulimanieh, and their errand concerned ourselves. The Pasha, from being host, found himself constrained (to his evident reluctance) to assume the position of judge, and we were summoned to give account of ourselves. Our judge, however, was hardly at pains to conceal his repugnance to this change of character—he was our host, and in reply to our expostulations, followed by an approving murmur from the crowd of eager Kurds that filled the audience chamber, bade us rest content—he would do right and justice. The lack of a passport from the Baghdad Wali was the great point insisted upon by the suspicious Turks. At the suggestion of the ready-witted Ali we spread our papers before the Pasha, and begged him to observe that the only maps we possessed were printed ones from Europe—we were no map-makers to spy out the land. The evidence we produced of the acquaintance and friendship of highly-placed Pashas in Baghdad made a manifest impression, but the want of a Turkish passport was fatal. So the Pasha dismissed the assembly, and curtly telling the intruding Turks he would take measures himself for our safe custody, ordered his menials to assign them their quarters for the night. They took the hint and departed. It was now midnight. This magnanimous Kurdish chief had no intention of betraying his lonely and friendless guest. "Load up your mules," he said, "and mount. I dare not allow you to proceed by the way of the frontier, but return by the way you came. This Osmanli Dowlah is exacting and suspicious, but I myself will be your surety. You are not my prisoner, but my guest. God be with you." There was no help for it unless we were to remain here in durance until deliverance came from Baghdad, so we had reluctantly to abandon our further progress. Then, at dead of night, after a friendly leave-taking of our good host, we stole out of Hallebecha, passed at dawn our halting-place at the Kurdish encampment by the Zalm Rud, where we refused an invitation to dismount, and did not halt till weariness and a scorching sun compelled us to dismount at a spring of clear water by the wayside, and boil the kettle for a grateful cup of tea. The sun began to decline in the west as we lingered, and our hard-driven beasts could go no further. In the midst of this dangerous wilderness the question of where to spend the night was one not only of personal safety, but of food and fodder for hungry man and beast. It is a land of doubt and perplexity, where every step is out of one difficulty into another, and one knows not what sudden danger night or day may bring forth. But a watchful and protecting Providence is here, as elsewhere. The question we were anxiously debating was solved for us in a sudden and unexpected manner.

MEISSONIER.

THE death of Meissonier, which took place last Saturday, removes a most important personality from the art-world of Europe. Although in a few days the master would have completed his eightieth year, his power and skill had scarcely

abated; the vigorous little old man, with the vast white beard which made him look like a river-god in miniature, still kept the world about him in a turmoil with his energy and his martial fervour. The place which he had gained as the undisputed leader and president of French art had not been won without a life-long struggle. In the laudatory notices of Meissonier's life which have appeared this week, in France as well as in this country, that fact has scarcely been alluded to, so completely in the glory of success are the disappointments of the past forgotten. But it is worth recollecting that so lately as 1861 Meissonier was elected into the Academy by a narrow majority over a certain M. Hesse, now forgotten, who was then the favourite with the critics; that later than this it was the custom to mention his name in the same breath with costume-painters such as Fichel and Passan; and that in 1864 the jurors positively refused the *grande médaille* to him at the Salon.

It was the conviction that this great painter desired, above all things else, to glorify French art, and to prove himself a sincere patriot, which won for Meissonier that astonishing popularity which his old age achieved. There were wonderful legends about him, and some of them have now proved to have been true. M. Antonin Proust has written this week to a French paper to say that it is literally historic that on the 8th of September, 1870, Meissonier went to Gambetta and asked to be made military prefect of Metz. Whether he would have served France with success if this request had been granted may be doubtful, but certainly his training, his audacity, and the breadth of his conceptions might have made an excellent amateur fighting general of him. Gambetta, at all events, never ceased to try to make use of Meissonier in public life, and we now learn that the gifts of "Le Graveur à l'eau-forte" and "L'Attente" to the French nation were made in compliment to that statesman in November 1881. We may, however, on the whole, be glad that, in spite of all temptations to adorn other vocations, Meissonier remained from first to last simply a painter.

His work has come to be considered as the highest expression of a certain view of nature which is far from being as limited as some critics have alleged. It is true that Meissonier is not a colourist. That word cannot be used of a painter who obtains his effects by the positive elimination of colour, whose reds are deliberately rendered by mud-tints, and his blues and greens by greys. But in most other directions his characteristics are so wide as almost to defy criticism. In light, in tone, in veracity of impression, in completeness of knowledge, he has no rival, even among those masters of the Low Countries whom he loved to emulate. The microscopic proportions of his pictures, his fondness for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century costumes, the realism that shocked his early critics, are no longer looked upon as detracting anything from his merit; for all eccentricities may easily be forgiven to an observation so precise and a touch so broad and true. His realism has always been inspired by great thoughts; it has never been vulgar nor mediocre. There are, perhaps, no French pictures of forty years ago which have suffered so little from the change of fashion as those of Meissonier.

His artistic conscience, as has been well said, was inexorable. For his great effects he trusted neither to memory nor to construction, but, at vast expense and under extreme difficulties, insisted on working from nature. When he was painting "1807," he bought a cornfield, and hired a troop of cuirassiers to gallop over it, he himself riding at their side and noting the attitudes of men and horses. Then, and not until the field was in the right condition of corn ruined by cavalry, did Meissonier sit down before it to paint his middle distance. A similar story is told of the ploughed and snow-covered field in "1814." It was his artistic conscience which led him, as long ago as 1830, to break with the convention of the classic school, and which kept him so consistently isolated from the passing fashions of French art for sixty years. No one has ever used the model so faithfully and sincerely, and it is this, his invariable vision of the man inside the doublet or the coat of mail, which distinguishes him from all the ephemeral host of mere painters of costume.

It is an interesting fact that he has left on record which of all his innumerable productions he himself preferred. His list of his own four favourite pictures consists of "La Rixe," "1807," "L'Attente," and "Le Graveur à l'eau-forte," and the study of these alone would teach us what Meissonier was. In the first of these, "La Rixe"—the two young fellows flying at each other's throats, and scarcely held apart by their friends—we see Meissonier's gift for presenting violent action suddenly arrested in a composition superbly balanced, and yet natural and easy in the extreme. In "1807" we have the most triumphant and the most fiery of those battle-pieces, crowded with small figures, in which Napoleon, without any undue emphasis, is given the central and inevitable place of honour. This is the type of those ambitious works in which Meissonier, carried away by his own desire to reach perfection, attempted a completeness of plane upon plane, beyond the capacity of any eye but his own. To another class belong his isolated subject-figures, reading, etching, painting, smoking, or merely sitting calmly in a rose-coloured or a sky-blue coat. Throughout his life the muse of Meissonier, in the old phrase, brought forth none but male children. Much as he loved drapery and costume, he very seldom consented to draw a woman; when he did, as in the hostess in "La Halte," or the servant-maid in "La Culotte des Cordeliers," he succeeded just well enough to send us back contented to his troopers and his *philosophes*. Meissonier's unique position in the art of our

time is very curious. He sprang out of nothing, full-armed, without a master; and he dies at eighty, the most honoured and the most popular of French painters, without ever having had, in any serious sense, a pupil. He has been, like Cowley's Phoenix, "a vast species alone."

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NEWLY decorated and with much taste, rendered if anything too cool of a winter's night by the introduction of the electric light, the St. James's Theatre was re-opened, under the management of Mr. George Alexander, on Saturday evening. Every modern improvement has been introduced, so that the old house which Braham built more than fifty years ago, and which made the fortunes of the Hare and Kendal management as lately as 1838, is now one of the most elegant and "advanced" theatres in London. It is curious to note in connexion with this house that it was originally built as an English Opera House, and only a generation or so ago was considered "too far West" for theatre-goers, and consequently ruined Braham and several other managers. It is now most central, and being near no other theatre, very easy for "carriage folk," as Fop calls them in the old comedy, to get away from—the pleasant reverse of the case with the theatres in the Strand. In short, there is no earthly reason why this house, given a strong attraction, should not prove fortunate to its present manager. Mr. R. C. Carton's play, *Sunshine and Shadow*, is a delightful example of English domestic comedy-drama, and it is charmingly acted throughout by Mr. George Alexander and his colleagues. Indeed it is played so perfectly, and with so much grace and tenderness, that we doubt very much if even at the Théâtre Français, in the good old days, finer general acting could have been seen. Mr. George Alexander's George Addis is an extremely pathetic rendering of a character which, in less skilful hands, might have proved disagreeable. Mr. Nutcombe Gould's Dr. Latimer is excellent—the very incarnation of a provincial doctor. Mr. Yorke Stephens looks the part and acts admirably the unfortunate Mark Denzil; and Mr. Ben Webster's Bamfield is an amusing rendering of that quaint creature, a fresh, simple-minded, bashful young English gentleman. Perhaps it is saying a great deal, but certainly scarcely too much, for the Maud of Miss Maude Millett, to declare that it compares favourably with the best of Mlle. Reichenberg's creations. Miss Marion Terry has rarely appeared to greater advantage than as Helen, the dignified contrast to her sprightly and rather selfish sister. Miss Ada Neilson, too, as the wicked wife, gives a well-defined rendering of a difficult and disagreeable part. Her make-up and dress faithfully suggest the kind of person she is. Possibly the increased size of the theatre demands more emphasis, else surely the melodramatic scene which closes the second act seemed to go better at the Avenue than it does now. It undoubtedly wants to be played on the larger stage with more breadth and vigour. As it is, it falls rather flat.

Mr. Alfred C. Calmour declares that his play, *The Gay Lothario*, was not even suggested by Moreto's *El Desden con el Desden*, or by Molière's *La Princesse d'Elide*. Therefore Mr. Calmour has clearly never read either piece. The main theme of his pretty little comedy is certainly identical with that of both these plays. A lady, feeling herself slighted by her lover, turns the tables on him, and he in turn plays the same trick, and ultimately wins her heart and hand for his pains. Moreto evidently borrowed his plot from two other comedies, *Los Milagros del Desprecio* and *La Hermosa Fea* of Lope de Vega. Moreto's extremely brilliant comedy, which is superior to Molière's, has been frequently adapted; for instance, in Italian by Carlo Gozzi, *La Principessa Filosofo*, and in German by Schreyvogel, *Dona Diana*—a comedy which Mr. Westland Marston translated for Mlle. Stella Colas, and which Mme. Modjeska still plays. However, Mr. Calmour tells us that his plot was inspired by an occurrence in real life, which came under his observation—duel and all. Thanks to the tattle of her servants, Amanda believes her cousin, Sir Harry, has made a wager he will win her hand. She plays in consequence at being scornful, and he retaliates by being more scornful still. A rather clumsily introduced and improbable duel forces her eventually to give in, and she declares that the Baronet is her only love, on which pleasant dénouement the curtain falls. It is a pretty trifle, rather smartly written, in a sort of mixed style of English; for whereas one half the dialogue appears to be made up of *sdeath*, *I vow*, *egad*, *trust me*, and *I protest*—phrases much used by pseudo-eighteenth-century dramatists—the other half, and the better, is singularly modern and *fin de siècle*. An old-fashioned English interior, accurately reproduced, forms a picturesque background to the two very charming lovers, Mr. Alexander, minus his hump and his twisted legs, looking the beau ideal of a gay Lothario—only, perhaps, a little too frank and gentlemanlike—and Miss Maude Millett, who seems to have stepped out of some ancestral picture by Lely or Kneller, a vision of refined eighteenth-century elegance. Both act gracefully and speak their pretty platitudes—"egad," as Mr. Calmour himself would say, "to the best advantage." But, we "protest," the play, though a pretty one, is too fragile to analyse. We do not care to break butterflies on wheels.

The vivacious people who interpret that popular medley *Car-men up to Date* at the Gaiety have been, to use the technical

phrase, "freshened up." New costumes and new songs lend this burlesque a revived charm for its admirers; and it is said that more than one masquerade has been given at as many as fifty evenings of his life listening to the "Bogie Man," and watching the twinkling feet of Miss Letty Lind. Verily one half the world knows not how the other passes its time.

Two prosperous theatrical careers are drawing to an end. At the Garrick the last nights of that pretty piece, *A Pair of Spectacles*, are announced; and to-night *The Cabinet Minister* will be acted for the last time at the Court. At both theatres new plays will be produced at an early date.

The masked ball at Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday night passed off fairly enough. The theatre has been handsomely redecorated, and although the spirit of French and Italian masked balls was wanting, the general effect of the brightly costumed guests—there was, however, a notable preponderance of black coats—was sufficiently brilliant. Everything was conducted with scrupulous decorum.

To-night Mr. Lee, an American actor who has taken the Avenue Theatre on a long lease, will begin his management with a version of *Monte Cristo*.

Mr. Henry Irving revives to-night *The Lyons Mail* at the Lyceum, which will be given in future on all evenings when there is a matinée, so as to afford some rest to Miss Ellen Terry.

At the New Olympic that popular melodrama *The Lights of London* will from Monday next be the chief attraction until *Father Bonaparte* is ready.

Two of Ibsen's plays are to be produced in London shortly: at the New Olympic, *Pillars of Society*, with Mr. Wilson Barrett as Banick and Miss Winifred Emery as Dina Dorf; and *Rosmersholm* at a Vaudeville matinée, February 28, with Mr. Frank Benson and Miss Florence Farr in the cast. This will be an interesting performance, inasmuch as it will introduce this much-talked-of play to an English audience.

THE WEATHER.

THE past week has been similar to its predecessor; but we have had one severe gale, which, however, did not visit the South of England. More or less rain fell daily at almost every station until Sunday, when the weather cleared. When we closed our notice on Wednesday last week, a large depression lay off the Hebrides, and next morning, Thursday, a slight disturbance of the barometer was noticeable in the reports from the South of Ireland. As is usual in such cases, when extensive barometrical depressions lie over the North of Scotland, the new system travelled rapidly, and brought us in London strong southerly winds and rain on Thursday afternoon. On Friday night came the gale. The chart for 6 P.M. that evening, which appeared in Saturday's *Times*, showed that danger was impending for the West coast of Ireland, and by next morning (Saturday) a very serious cyclonic disturbance had advanced to the North of Ireland, with heavy gales from West and North-west. We hear of a good deal of damage to fishing and coasting craft in the Irish Sea, especially on the shores of the Isle of Man. On Saturday afternoon the barometer at Valencia Island began to go down again, and, just as on the preceding Thursday, the disturbance moved with extreme rapidity. Its centre lay outside of Scilly at 6 P.M., passed over London at midnight, and by 8 A.M. on Sunday morning lay over the North Sea. These figures give a rate of motion from Scilly to London of 60 miles an hour. Fortunately, it was not very serious, and was not accompanied by any strong winds. Its passage over London was only marked by a fresh breeze and a little rain. Meanwhile the original disturbance, of which it was merely a satellite, had quietly died out without reaching Norway. None of these changes were accompanied by any heavy rain; but on Monday, after the disturbances just described were over, an inch of rain fell at Nairn, and nearly the same amount at Stornoway. The latest conditions now are that a very deep depression has shown itself over the extreme North of Sweden, and at the same time the barometer in France has risen to a great height, and another anti-cyclone is moving up over the West of England, but, as yet, has not brought about any return of hard frost. The weather is apparently thoroughly shaken up, and there appear to be no signs of its becoming settled. We had plenty of sunshine on Candlemas Day, and, if the old monkish rhyme is to come true, we have to look for more cold; but as yet there is no indication of anything of the kind being in immediate prospect.

REVIEWS.

BESIDE THE FIRE.*

PERHAPS the most interesting part of Dr. Hyde's collection of Irish tales, *Beside the Fire*, is his introduction. The very existence, almost, of these Celtic traditions depends on the existence of the Irish language. Where the language goes the

* *Beside the Fire*. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. With Additional Notes by Alfred Nutt. London: David Nutt.

tales go, though some survive in a less complete form in districts where the change from Irish to English was made many generations ago. The state of manners at that time and the lack of elementary education were not so hostile to the survival of popular poetry and tales as are the omnipresence of the schoolmaster and the newspaper. Thus, in Morayshire, among an English-speaking people, a version of Cinderella lingered lately which had closer analogies with the Celtic form than with that diffused by Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*. It may be conjectured, though not with certainty, that this legend survived the change from Gaelic to English in Moray. But now in Ireland when the Erse dies, and even before it dies, the stories disappear. This is the general rule in Europe, wherever modern education shows its spectacled face. Now this matter, though it seems a trivial one to politicians and agitators, is not, perhaps, quite so trivial as it seems. All through history since the beginning of an educated class there have co-existed two means of bringing imaginative pleasure into life—the literary method and the popular method. The educated have read books; the people have been content with their own ancient poetry and traditions, orally circulated as a rule, though Dr. Hyde shows that in the last century hedge-schoolmasters and others committed many tales and legends to manuscript. But, as education is forced on the people, they despise and neglect their own popular store, whether in word of mouth or in printed chapbooks. This would be a thing to regret, even if the people, as they became educated, adopted and took pleasure in the best of printed literature, the best poetry and romance. Still, Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, would be preferable to old Celtic poetry, old Scotch songs, and old legends and *Märchen* of all kinds, if it be impossible to retain both sorts. Unluckily, we fear, it can hardly be said that the bulk of the people do take a general pleasure in reading the best of cultivated literature which is, at least nominally, within their reach. They lose their own imaginative pleasures, all the happiness of the long nights of storytelling, all the pleasant illusion of fairy-haunted hills and streams, while, in exchange, they take, as Dr. Hyde says, the *United Irishman*—or, we may add, the rubbish of penny fiction. It may be urged that, in times to come, the people will grow wiser and will read the best literature. But as that is very little done at present by the upper classes, we certainly do not expect the population in general to take on a sudden to Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Scott, and the British classics in general. So they will have lost all the imaginative enjoyment which once was theirs, and will have gained very little of a higher and more distinguished sort by way of compensation. As we have observed, this may appear a trifle among trifles to politicians and persons concerned with education, but it is really not a trifle as far as regards the living of a happy life. For example, the poetical and imaginative qualities of children used to be stimulated, in all ranks and classes, by the hearing of nursery-tales, admirable little romances, the inheritance of the whole human race. But the pragmatic devotees of education, at the end of the last century, tried to discountenance these stories, to the regret even of Voltaire. Various influences have restored Grimm, and Perrault, and others, to the middle-class nursery; but the grandmothers of peasant children no longer tell them "Rashin Coatie," or the "Slim Swarthy Champion," or the "King of Ireland's Son," given in Dr. Hyde's book. It need not be said that the School Board children of large towns know nothing of these delights. In the present winter some good-natured people have been giving recitals of the old favourites to children in the poorer parts of London, and have been offering prizes to the little girls who knew the "Twelve Dancing Princesses" or "Dapple Grim" best. It would be very pleasant if the children should thus come to their own again, and begin life with the knowledge of one way—an imaginative way—out of its innumerable miseries. But common education has not yet contemplated this kind of teaching, and, in all ranks where poetry is taught, it is taught less for itself than for notes as dry as sawdust, and as useful as sawdust at cricket in a dry summer. Fortunately children are not yet expected to be learned in the notes to nursery tales, in the solar theory, the savage theory, and all the commentators from Sir George Cox to M. Cosquin. In the last century a very common educational work was Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*, with an English version on the opposite page. This afforded a pleasant enough way of beginning French, unless, as is not unlikely, it made the children hate "Mother Goose." In a real education, "Mother Goose" ought to be read, or listened to, "without tears."

This is not so wild a digression from Dr. Hyde's introduction as it may seem. His complaint is that, in trying to make Ireland a nation, the political and social leaders and agitators have deliberately destroyed and discouraged the national language, the national literature, the national legends. Priests, schoolmasters, and orators have alike worked hard to this end. One of them, unnamed, has told his countrymen "what Irishmen should know," and, among things which they should *not* know, is Irish literature. This he tells them to leave to scholars—that is, leave to become a dead language. It seems a queer kind of "nationalism," but we presume that the Nationalists know their own business best. Whatever makes for a happy life, outside politics, makes for content, which is inconsistent with agitation. The idea may be that, in a millennium of blessed independence, Ireland will return to her ancient literary possessions. But the popular idea of bliss is not compatible with the learning of dead languages. Even as a dead language, Irish needs much more assistance from endow-

ments and other practical encouragement than it has received, or seems likely to receive. We know nothing of Dr. Hyde's politics, but he is enough of an Irishman to regret the decadence of the Celtic speech.

Dr. Hyde's own stories, printed with the Irish on the page opposite, are not so brilliant and poetical as those of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who, according to Dr. Hyde, is ignorant of Irish. Dr. Hyde begins with a very confused and broken story, "The Tailor and the Three Beasts," a form of the tailor of "Twelve at a Blow." The beasts are neither "grateful," as is customary, nor have any reason for gratitude. "Bran" is a rather degenerate Fenian legend about that famous hound and his pup's inadequate allowance of milk. "The King of Ireland's Son" is full of familiar matter, with very curious Irish adornments. We begin with the King's shooting a raven on a snowy day, and putting himself under taboo till he finds a woman with hair black as the raven, skin white as snow, and cheeks red as the blood. As he wanders to seek her "in the eastern world" he redeems a corpse arrested for debt. The dead man appears to him as a "short green man"; they pick up companions with miraculous gifts, like the comrades of Jason. They procure from giants the usual sword, cap, and shoes. The King, by the aid of these, the green man, and the others, accomplishes the usual tasks. The King gains his bride. "The short green man was to have the first kiss . . . she was full of serpents." This is the story of Minos and Procris reversed. The green man disenchants her, and all is happiness. Modern features occur, such as the use of guns, and it is amusing to note that the giant (somewhat like the Master of Ballantrae when he met the Chevalier Bourke in India) calls the short green man "a melodious, lying Irishman." There is one passage which now reads like pure nonsense; if ever it had a meaning, the old Irish narrator has forgotten it. The "Alp Luachra" is not a *Märchen*, but a story of a man who swallowed a fabulous water animal and of his cure. It is very humorously told. The "Weasel" begins with the recovery of a haunted treasure, the laying of a ghost, a hurling match between two parties of fairies, and ends with the acquisition of the purse of Fortunatus. The best story for entertainment is "Guleesh na Guss Dhu." The hero, who, like the Selloi of Dodona, never washed his feet, meets the fairies, is carried to the Vatican, where he plays the part of Father Tom with the Pope, thence is borne to a Royal bridal in Paris, rescues and carries to Ireland the reluctant Royal bride, falls in love with her, follows her back to Paris, and marries her. This, also, is not exactly one of the regular *Märchen* stock. "Neil O'Carree" contains a form of Medea's cauldron. "Trunk without Head" is a variant of the "Boy who learned to shiver." All the tales are told with much characteristic humour, and are illustrated with notes by the editor and by Mr. Alfred Nutt. Mr. Nutt in a brief preface traces the come and go between *Märchen*, Sagas, "bardic stories," and folklore again. The book is valuable and entertaining, though it would have been more valuable still had circumstances not prevented Mr. Nutt from making his comments as complete as he desired. But Dr. Hyde's introduction is full of much lore, in addition to his remarks on the decay of the Irish language. The tales have, as a rule, a foundation of universal material, with many Irish and, we think, a good many rather modern additions and alterations. The hedge-schoolmasters and their comrades have had their stroke in the battle. Dr. Hyde would do a service to the subject by commenting on the thoroughly popular elements in the common chapbook, *The Hibernian Tales*.

THACKERAY.*

ALTHOUGH Peter Pindar represents Boswell and Madame Piozzi as singing alternate strophes in praise of their departed hero, joint biographies have not often been attempted, and have less often been successful. It is almost impossible that such joiner's work can be dovetailed so as to look uniform, or all of one piece. Southey's friend, Amos Cottle, could not have helped Southey much in his marvellous portrait of Nelson. What would have happened if Lockhart had called in the assistance of John Wilson Croker to fill up his original likeness of Sir Walter Scott? Circumstances made it impossible that Mr. Merivale and Mr. Marzials should have even worked together; so that this is not even a joint biography, but a very disjointed one. Mr. Merivale conceived the idea of telling us what he himself knew, and what his friends knew, of the man whom he loves so dearly and admires so greatly. But he had hardly sketched a few memoranda for the Life he sought to illustrate when the state of his health compelled him to forego a task for which he had so many qualifications. On his side Mr. Marzials was not granted a free hand. He had to pick up the stitches, so to speak, of another worker; to harvest the grain of another man's sickle. It was not, perhaps, a very grateful task, but he has achieved it fairly well, although the result cannot be held to be quite satisfactory. The two authors have hardly given us a biography. What is called a *Life of Thackeray* is merely an undigested collection of "Ana"—very pleasant, and possibly even instructive to read, interspersed with

* *Life of Thackeray*. By Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials. Great Writers Series. London: Walter Scott.

remarks and criticisms which are often crude, sometimes just, but almost always *décorous*.

We have in these pages some admirable sketches of Thackeray, if the artists have not been able to draw his perfect portrait. We see the "great classic," as Mr. Marzials, with fine appreciation, calls him, the man as to whom "nobody" in the present day, as Carlyle says, "ever wrote with such perfection of style." We have before us the quiet, unexcitable lecturer, who was "a peer among his peers; a sort of elder brother, kindly appreciative and tolerant, as he discourses of Addison, Steele, Swift, Pope, Sterne, and Goldsmith," with his kindly allowance for the gallant little cripple Pope, "the painful places in whose poor twisted body he touches so gently." We see the kindly giant in his rostrum, with unstudied attitude and absence of all oratorical gesture, who, "having a piece of beautiful prose to impart to an audience, delivered it simply, naturally, clearly, in the almost colloquial tones of a very pleasant voice," and with, as Charlotte Brontë said, "a finished taste and ease, something highbred." We see the man, wise, just, and playful, withal "the most sensitive of mortals," as Mr. Merivale calls him, the man with "an Antonio-like sadness," merrier, too, with a wiser mirth than that of most men, mourning over the faults and follies of men, not gnashing his teeth and hardening his heart at them like Swift. For all his tender soul and absolute truthfulness, "snobs," as Bayard Taylor says, "called him a cynic, while cynics dubbed him a snob." We even see him as a boy, not very precocious, not budding early into promise, who writes a doleful letter to his mother from "Grey Friars" with this plaintive postscript:—"There are but 370 boys in the school. I wish there were only 369."

We could wish that Mr. Marzials had a keener appreciation of the humour and wisdom of Thackeray's *Irish Sketch Book*, which he kindly says "will always retain distinct historical value, and then it is Thackeray's, and any book of Thackeray's is worth reading." He refers to Thackeray's playful annoyance, in his younger days, with the Editor of a famous Review for over-editing his articles. Literary men are very prone to complain that their articles are touched up and condensed, and say editors have no right to be revisers. The matter seems to us to lie in a nutshell. If John Smith signs his name to a published article, he is answerable for it, and no one has a right to touch or alter it without his permission. But if Smith's article is unsigned, and is published as part of a certain magazine or review, that magazine or review is answerable for it, and the editor has surely a right to put any finishing touches which may be necessary to bring the article into harmony with the general scope and tendency of his paper.

It is kind not to quote the names of the two gentlemen—one living and one dead—who alone seemed to think that Thackeray's manners were cold and affected and his conversation wearisome. And yet to persons to whom he did not "cotton" the great satirist was not demonstratively genial. "One unwelcome presence silenced him. He was not a good talker, in the common sense, or a brilliant. Of all things, his delight was to be in a small circle of his intimates." It might have been a good thing if Thackeray had had greater control of his emotions, whether of love, or pity, or dislike. There was some truth in Emerson's description of him as "a big, fierce, weeping, hungry man." The pretty prattle of innocent childhood would move him to tears. A friend of ours was dining with Thackeray in a club or restaurant, and a gentleman at the next table was talking to his friend all the time in a very economical strain, and explaining how, by marketing in such a way, one could save a penny here and a half-penny there. Thackeray did not know the person, but his conversation jarred upon his nerves, and he brought his hand down on the table with a heavy thud, and exclaimed, "Good God! sir, can you talk of nothing but twopenny halfpenny?" It is not for us to discuss here whether *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond* or *Barry Lyndon* be the best of Thackeray's novels. Of *Esmond*, George Eliot wrote to a correspondent in November 1852, "*Esmond* is the most uncomfortable book you can imagine." "And," says Mr. Marzials in giving us this information, "there are some of us to whom *Romola* appears laboured." It was perhaps needless to dwell on Mr. Trollope's notorious demerits as a biographer of Thackeray. There is, however, much truth in this passage by Mr. Marzials:—"Trollope in his remarks on Thackeray always reminds me of that schoolmaster who, Charles Lamb says, 'upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly undertook to instruct me in the method in which young gentlemen in his seminary were taught to compose English themes.'" We shall not break a lance with Mr. Marzials on the merits of Thackeray's poetry. We have heard a critic—no mean critic—declare that his verse is at least as good as his prose, "better," he said. We think that his prose will last as long as the English language. Is there a beyond to that?

In the chapter on "Thackeray's Friendships" Mr. Merivale has forgotten to mention the late Lady Charlemont, Lord Charlemont, and Sir A. Davison, late Chief Justice in Ceylon, to whom he dedicated *The Virginians*. These persons were among Thackeray's intimate friends. Sir A. Davison, especially, was probably the dearest friend he ever had. The index is fairly good, and the Bibliography, by Mr. Anderson of the British Museum, is a triumph of scholarly industry.

LEICESTERSHIRE CHURCH PLATE.*

IT is pleasant in this "wale" to see a good example spreading. About ten years ago that excellent antiquary, Chancellor Ferguson, of Carlisle, brought out his account of the church plate of the diocese. Not long ago we had occasion to mention, with the highest commendation, Mr. Nightingale's systematic collections on Dorset plate. Now, we have the Vicar of Edith Weston, in Rutland, cataloguing and annotating the church-plate of the next county. All these efforts, and there are equally praiseworthy efforts by Mr. St. John Hope, Mr. Peacock, and others, are due, in the first instance, to the lead given by Mr. Wilfrid Cripps, whose volume, *Old English Plate*, formed, as Mr. Trollope acknowledges, a road-book, "without which a six years' pleasant tour along this unexplored path of antiquarian Leicestershire could probably never have been undertaken." The result is to be seen in the two handsome and lavishly illustrated volumes before us. Mr. Trollope has examined every piece he mentions. At first, he undertook the work from the highly laudable desire that, by the existence of this kind of inventory, church officers would be caused "to refrain from parting with their ancient treasures." In more than one place in the county, he says, "inspection has been made in time to discourage an exchange" of old vessels for new.

Any one might envy Mr. Trollope his six years' tour in Leicestershire. Except to hunting men there are few English counties less familiar. The ordinary tourist reflects that there is no great abbey or cathedral church, no remarkable castle, no mountain scenery in it; and some of us think of it as a mere expanse of green meadows defined by bullfinches. A more mistaken idea could not be formed. The scenery of Leicestershire, and especially of its north-eastern, or Melton Mowbray, division is as picturesque, in a quiet way, as the artist's heart can desire. Well wooded with old forest-trees, fertile in hedgerows, full of innumerable small parks furnished with comfortable hunting-lodges, diversified with hill and dale, opening out here and there into wide valleys through which winding rivers run, the landscape is, as we recently heard it described, "one Gainsborough after another." The picturesqueness of such places as Saxby—what a history is in the name!—Garthorpe, Buckminster, Sproton, all on one line of road out of Melton, is very satisfying to the admirer of English scenery. There, for example, is little Coston, a village of half a dozen old houses, each in its garden, a small, very ancient church, not over-restored, with some exquisite fragments of thirteenth-century glass, a brawling brook crossing the village street, a wooden foot-bridge only being provided for passengers, and a beautifully wooded background; it is a picture in itself. At Coston, by the way, Mr. Trollope notes with regret that up to the time that the new cup and paten were purchased (1848) there belonged to this parish a very ancient silver cup and cover. These were sold to a silversmith for 5*l.*, which helped to pay for the new plate. Unfortunately Coston does not stand alone in having, in those dark ages, and later too, exchanged old for new; but Mr. Trollope does well to point out clearly that an exchange of this kind cannot legally be effected without the bishop's consent. Some of the most magnificent church plate is naturally found in a county which boasted of the presence of so many great and ancient families. The Mannes of Belvoir balanced the Hastings at Castle Donington. There were Sherards at Saxby, Halfords at Wistow, Hazleriggs at Noseley, Brudenells at Cranoe, and Danverses at Swithland, all old and wealthy families who delighted in giving fine silver services to the altars of their churches. When Mr. Trollope gets on the scent of one of these benefactors he runs him to earth, to use the appropriate local simile. The whole book, therefore, which any one might expect at the outset to be a dry catalogue, is full of most entertaining reading, and will prove to any Leicestershire man a mine of most interesting information. Under Glenn Magna, for example, in addition to a clear account of the Hewetts of Stratton, we have an amusing notice of the literally convivial parson, Henry Luke Dodds, who was vicar from 1855 till his death in 1886, and who gave a fine silver urn, eighteen inches high, to his church, to be used as "a loving cup at the feast of the dedication." Mr. Dodds, we are further informed, was unmarried, and was known among his parishioners and neighbours "as one of the most generous of men, the last person of whom he took any thought being himself." This is a high and uncommon character.

Among the four pre-Reformation patens is one which affords a good example of the fate to which so much old church silver succumbed in years but lately past. It is at a place called Lyston, and, though it has no date marks, and is plain to a fault, it is of the greatest antiquity. With it was a somewhat later, but still very ancient, cup. Here is Mr. Trollope's account of the risk they passed through of being separated for ever from the church they had belonged to for so many centuries. Only the other day, as some of us might call it—namely, in 1867—a subscription was got up for the purpose of buying new silver, "and the old paten and cup were presented by the then vicar and churchwardens to Mr. Needham of Lyston, who was one of the principal subscribers to the modern vessels." Mr. Needham does not appear to have been in any sense of a grasping disposition;

* *An Inventory of the Church Plate of Leicestershire, with some account of the Donors.* By the Rev. Andrew Trollope. 2 vols. Leicester: Clarke & Hodson.

but, after retaining them for some years—in fact, till 1881—he returned them, in order—will it be believed?—that they might be sold and the proceeds applied to a church purpose. “Fortunately,” says Mr. Trollope, “the late Mr. F. J. Morrell heard of the proposed sale, bought the paten and cup for 10*l.*, and generously gave them back again to Lyston church.” This is undoubtedly one of the strangest stories of the kind we ever heard. A vicar and churchwardens take—we might use a stronger word than “take”—a paten and cup out of their church and give them to a layman. The said layman keeps them for thirteen years, and brings them back when another vicar and churchwardens are in office—so far seven persons, it will be perceived, are concerned in the transaction—and an outsider, whose ideas of religion and honesty appear to be of a more ordinary character, stepping in, saves these relics from their sacrilegious hands, and—this is perhaps the most extraordinary part of a marvellous and almost incredible tale—actually hands them back to the precious crew who had shown themselves so completely unfit for the charge. This is only one of many such tales. Take the case of Blaston St. Giles, where the pre-Reformation cup has been so “restored” as to be practically worthless as an example of ancient work; or that of the ancient silver-gilt cup of Launde Priory, which is made up of two old pieces of German origin; or that of Ashby Folville, where a squire, Miss Edwards, gave new silver, and the old cup “was disposed of,” says Mr. Trollope, “for the benefit of a district church, in which Miss Edwards took an interest.” This transaction took place in 1847. Nobody seems to have been prosecuted.

Mr. Trollope, unfortunately for himself, “has views,” and his views are calculated to embitter much of his life. He thinks, for example, that the modern designer of service silver is wanting in originality. The gifts have of late years been numerous, and their value very high; but “in design and workmanship they have no special interest.” Whatever is good is imitated from old examples; but most of the imitations are “very superficially made.” Even a faithful reproduction “loses greatly by the mechanical way in which it has been manufactured; the marks of the hammer and all the little irregularities left of old by the silversmith’s tools are terribly missed.” This is but too true, and not of church plate only, but of architecture and most other arts. The determination “to imitate mediæval examples must check the growth of original and artistic work, for no room is left for any one but the copyist,” says Mr. Trollope, and it is impossible not to agree with him. The so-called “great Gothic revival” came to us at an unfortunate time for English art, and made it appear more meritorious to copy mediæval work, however poor, than to design, however skilfully.

In addition to his account of the silver to be found in Leicestershire churches, Mr. Trollope has given a description of the pewter pieces which occur in some places. Many of them are so worn away that it is difficult to date them, but others have inscriptions and some have marks which Mr. Trollope has compared with those stamped on copper at Pewterers’ Hall. “The shape of a pewter piece is an obvious guide to its date,” he says, “for pewterers adopted the designs of silversmiths.” The books of the Company begin in 1698, and contain lists of the freemen, so that in some cases a reference was possible; but Mr. Trollope remarks on the rarity of local names. Leicester seems to have brought the greater part of its pewter from London. Large numbers have disappeared, “owing a good deal to the small cost of the material, which has caused pewter vessels to be often despised, badly taken care of, and readily parted with when vessels of silver have been acquired.” Some examples are very ancient. At Lubenham, for instance, there is a flagon of 1635, which Mr. Trollope reckons the oldest piece in the county. A paten, flagon, and plate at Gaddesby are marked with the name of a donor, Dorothy Nedham, who gave twenty shillings for their purchase in or about 1682. It seems likely that churches which had been almost wholly deprived of their silver under Edward VI. were furnished with pewter under Mary; but no pieces so old have survived, in Leicestershire at least. Pewter flagons were largely bought after 1604, in accordance with a canon of that year, which ordained that the wine should be “brought to the communion table in a clean and sweet standing pot or stoop of pewter, if not of purer metal.” There are several entries in churchwardens’ books of the purchase of such vessels. Complete services still exist, however, and in some cases, as Mr. Trollope well remarks, are superior in appearance to modern silver. Pewter was especially in use for collecting offerings; and several alms dishes of fine design are mentioned. Altogether, in spite of a very few lapses, we have nothing but praise for this handsome book, over which it would be only too easy to dwell at much greater length. The illustrations ought to be most useful to future designers, and assuredly Mr. Trollope’s original idea of preventing destruction and “restoration” should be completely successful.

WILLIAM MULREADY.*

THOSE who rail indiscriminately at all small books in series make a grave error in not distinguishing between what is good and what is merely tolerable. If a subject has not been treated before, and is fitted for treatment within narrow limits,

there is no harm done to the fastidious reader in serving it up to him in a series. At the same time there is much to be said in excuse of a prejudice which has been created by many little perfunctory volumes hurried out into publicity, like a set of unkempt schoolboys, in the external decency of a livery. The present *Life* of William Mulready appears in a series called “The Great Artists,” of which some numbers have been excellent, and have been praised in these columns, but of which not a few have been mere compilations. It is, therefore, only fair to say at once that Mr. Stephens’s book is not of this latter sort. A *Life* of Mulready was wanted, Mr. Stephens’s acquaintance with the subject is authoritative, and his volume deserves to be welcomed with as much warmth as though it appeared in a larger and more important form. As far as size is concerned, we are glad that the exigencies of the series have kept it restricted. There are few modern artists whose lives can profitably be described in more than a hundred pages, and Mulready is not an exception. Ever since the death of Mulready Mr. Stephens has been collecting, and occasionally, in fragmentary form, publishing, biographical information regarding the painter. The present *Life* might be considered final if the stiff and tortured style of the author did not make it probable that some one will be tempted in the future to say agreeably what he has now said accurately but not attractively.

William Mulready was born on the 1st of April, 1786, at Ennis, in County Clare, the son of a breeches-maker. The greatest painters of the world, like the greatest musicians, have commonly shown the irresistible force of their instinct in early childhood. There are many legends of Mulready’s infancy which show that he was no exception to this rule. He repaired an injured composition of a hunting-field at three years of age, and entirely restored it a year later, when this luckless work of art had been almost destroyed. He drew flowers and fruit, and even architecture, on the floor—a sort of Penelope’s web—which his mother’s broom was punctual in destroying every morning. Mr. Stephens has worked out, with successful ingenuity, the connexion between a rare and curious little book of William Godwin’s, *The Looking Glass*, of 1805 and the childhood of Mulready. In *The Looking Glass*, Godwin, writing under the pseudonym of Theophilus Morellife, professes to recount “the true history of the early years of an artist,” and illustrates his tale with designs supposed to be the handiwork of the child in question. To Mr. Stephens is due the happy conjecture that the “young artist” was William Mulready, that the story given by Godwin merely repeats a conversation with the Irish painter, then some nineteen years of age, and that it may be accepted as a genuine piece of autobiography. This conjecture was fortunately made in time to be referred in his old age to Mulready himself, who seems to have been rather coy in giving information on the subject. Pressed by John Linnell, however, he acknowledged not only that it was correct, but that the designs in *The Looking Glass* were expressly made by himself to illustrate that book. The biographer, therefore, has very properly made use of Godwin’s little volume as a trustworthy source from which to fill out the otherwise scanty plan of Mulready’s childhood and boyhood. Only three copies of this curious bibliographical treasure are known to exist; it might be worth while to reprint it in facsimile.

The publication of *The Looking Glass* marked the close, or the beginning of the close, of a long period of struggle and poverty which left its mark on the painter’s character. At the age of eighteen he most improvidently married; he was a father at nineteen, and very soon after this he was separated from his wife. She was a sister of John Varley, a pretty and talented girl, but wholly unsuited to be the companion of Mulready. Of his early misfortunes the painter himself gave an idea, many years later, when he wrote:—“Out of the profession, few people can comprehend the toils and difficulties of an artist. I remember the time when I had a wife, four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred pounds in debt!” Mr. Stephens seems to quit his usual exactitude when he says that these “profitable straits,” as he oddly calls this condition of things, were left behind in 1806. Mulready was but twenty at that date, and could hardly be the father of four children—perhaps 1806 is a misprint for 1809. But, so far as we can perceive, it was not until after 1812 that he began to enjoy any real success. It was in that year that a would-be patron, before buying some of Mulready’s paintings, asked advice of Callcott, who, “with a kindly sigh, murmured ‘I cannot conscientiously recommend them; I really cannot,’ and they were left on the artist’s hands. But it was just at this critical moment that Mulready found in Mr. Sheepshanks and in Sir John Swinburne patrons who saw the novelty and merit of his work, and he rapidly rose to fame. His picture of “The Fight Interrupted,” in 1815, set the seal to his reputation. He was immediately elected A.R.A., and only three months later, in February 1816, he was advanced to the full honours of the Royal Academy. He was now, at thirty, a famous painter; but it was to Mr. Sheepshanks that he had owed the possibility of struggling on so long against want of appreciation, and an anecdote, related to Mr. Stephens by Samuel Palmer, gives a pleasant account of the mode in which this lifelong friendship began. “An omnibus stopped, and an over-fare was rudely demanded of one of Mr. Mulready’s fellow-passengers. Mr. Mulready got out, took this gentleman’s part, and helped him to get over the crossing. The stranger asked him to go home with him, and the stranger was Mr. Sheepshanks.”

* *Memorials of William Mulready, R.A.* By Frederic G. Stephens. London: Sampson Low & Co.

From his election to the Royal Academy to his death in 1863 Mulready remained before the public as a highly appreciated and deservedly popular painter for nearly half a century. Mr. Stephens is not to blame if the record of these fifty years resolves itself pretty much into a *catalogue raisonné* of exhibited pictures. Mulready was eminently methodical; he worked incessantly; and, like Etty and other prominent masters of that time, he neither travelled nor wrote. We gain, through a succession of anecdotes and reminiscences, a pretty clear picture of him—the handsome, cheerful athlete, with his penchant for watching prize-fights (which Mr. Stephens oddly describes as no longer fashionable), his incessant and marked observation of people in the streets and in public vehicles, his courteous assiduity as a teacher, his proclivity for dogs and children, his ancient umbrella pressed to his bosom like a fétich. Gentle and communicative, with no airs or graces of any kind, profoundly simple and direct, he seems to have slipped into celebrity without making any enemies, without having excited any general curiosity, without ever having been lionized or made the rage of any particular season. It was understood that he was unhappy in his domestic life; but the details escaped public discussion, and the fact only added a pathetic touch to the general impression of his urbane simplicity. He was very assiduous almost all through that half-century in carrying out his recurrent duties as Visitor to the Schools of the Royal Academy. Probably the man himself is now best recollected by those who were students in those schools when he was an old man.

It is well that it should be clearly remembered how great an artist Mulready was. Time has made havoc among the pretensions of his famous contemporaries. It has blown Eastlake, and Hilton, and Jones into thin air. It has brought out the monotony of Etty's accomplished and earnest work. It has detected weak places all over the armour of Sir Edwin Landseer and Charles Leslie. Even Wilkie, at all events the later Wilkie, who trusted too blindly to his immense native facility, has a reputation that is now dulled or tarnished. But Turner in one class, and Mulready in another, remain practically uninjured; less praised, perhaps, or praised more discreetly, than they were thirty years ago, but unquestioned masters of their art, strong enough to defy all changes of taste and fashion. In a conventional age Mulready preserved his freshness and contrived to rise, "on stepping-stones of his dead self," by his patient devotion to nature. His popularity never blinded him to the necessity of the constant appeal to the living model. When he was examined before the Royal Academy Commission, he said:—"I have, from the first moment I became a visitor to the life-school, drawn there as if I were drawing for the prize." He was not highly inventive, and it was comparatively late in life that he learned to excel in composition; but his incessant reference to nature kept his hand true, and enabled him every now and then to leap up to something higher than he had ever achieved before. We quite agree with Mr. Stephens in his opinion that "The Sonnet" in some respects marks Mulready's highest attainment. He was no longer young when, in 1839, this picture was painted; he was fifty-three years old—an age at which the fire of inspiration commonly begins to grow dim. Our readers, doubtless, recollect this work, which has enjoyed a second immortality in Linnell's lithograph. A lover, who is seated beside his maiden at the edge of a rivulet, has brought a sonnet to show to the lady. She holds it in her hands, earnestly reading, while he, in an attitude of devoted abandonment, clasping his ankle with his hands, gazes up at her with his curly head reverted. The whole composition is eminently original and yet natural, and the relation of the two figures admirably understood.

Two years ago the Royal Academy offered one of its prizes for a copy of a well-known specimen of Mulready's *genre*. Several talented students competed for this reward, and one of these gained it. But the Royal Academy, while presenting its medal to the fortunate competitor, instituted a cruel contrast. It hung the prize copy side by side with Mulready's original. The difference between the best that the schools could produce and what the master had so easily done was extraordinary. The full fresh light, the vitreous depths of colour, the extreme delicacy of draughtsmanship, these were all emphasized by the juxtaposition with mere prentice skill. It is to the technical artist that Mulready pre-eminently appeals. When the public is tired of gaping or grinning at his simple story, the connoisseur steps in and gazes with rapture at the incomparable quality of the technique.

Mr. Stephens's memoir is illustrated by several plates of unusual merit. As all the world knows, Mulready was unsurpassed even by Raffaele in the merit of his admirable life-studies in three crayons, very highly finished, and carried as far as possible in suggestion of the surface of flesh. Of these famous studies, two or three are very fairly reproduced in this volume. We should be pleased if Mr. Stephens would publish his memoir in an *édition de luxe*, and include with it a great many more of Mulready's draperies and life-studies, which form a veritable education to the eye. The cuts from his subject-pictures in the memoir are rather poor and trivial; they have none of the value of the crayon reproductions.

EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.*

"SEE that you get it" is the placarded advice about some new starch or soap. Those who seek improvements in education may take the same simple counsel; and, though Certainty is not our ruler in these matters, we may consult Probability, who, as Butler tells us, is the very guide of life.

The schoolmaster has been long abroad, very much abroad; indeed, quite wide of the mark, if we are to judge from Mr. Quick's essays. The poor man has a hard time of it. The certificated teachers in elementary schools are alone taught their business. The rest may pick it up how they can. Adventure schools—many of them glaring impostures—take the bread out of the mouths of men who are at least qualified by learning for their work. Charlatans letter themselves by some sham society, which is shown up in the daily papers as a mere swindle. Certificates of progress are issued for the children, titles and robes for their instructors, by a private person living in a respectable suburb. All is as merry as a country fair. It is the carnival of cheap-jacks and their customers.

No doubt the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

What Lenten fast may follow on this Shrove Tuesday remains to be seen. We want an educational reformer, certainly.

After the lapse of more than twenty years Mr. Quick has given us an enlargement of his *Essays on Educational Reformers*. His original preface makes it clear that he is not without practical acquaintance with the working of schools. Man and boy he has been connected with eleven of them. He has assisted in forming the young idea at Harrow, and in influencing by his Cambridge lectures those interested in methods of instruction, and at Sedburgh he was brought into contact with an old and important Dale school. Chaucer tells us that "sondry secles make subtil clerkes." Mr. Quick has taken lessons in sundry schools. Without exhausting the list, he has learned from the Jesuits, from Rabelais, from Montaigne, from Ascham, the "complete retainer," and Ratke, the "rapid impressionist," from the concrete Comenius, from Locke, Rousseau, Basedow and Pestalozzi. He has played in Froebel's Kindergarten, analysed the paradoxes of Jacotot, and sat, not faultless as to restlessness, at the feet of Herbert Spencer. Undoubtedly he has every right to be regarded as a "subtil clerke."

The sketches of these theorists in education are pleasingly written, and the reader has no reason to complain of dullness. It must be confessed that there is occasionally a difficulty in finding what some of these well-intentioned people have been driving at; nor does the difficulty lessen as we advance. "Man is but a patched fool if he go about to interpret my dream," says Bully Bottom. The schoolmaster, who is evidently regarded as rather below par, will be like his fellows in humanity should he go about practically to interpret Mr. Herbert Spencer; in which case he will stand a very fair chance of reproducing his kind.

Mr. Quick distinguishes the teachers of the Renaissance into three classes—Scholars like Erasmus, Verbal realists like Rabelais, Stylists like Sturm, all agreed on the regeneration of the world by means of books. Different as the objects of their affections may have been, their estimate of the power of letters seems rightly stated. The long disused weapon was to all intents and purposes untried, and thus its effects were naturally overvalued.

However defective, the plans of mediæval and Renaissance schoolmasters might be, they were generally fairly comprehensible from the very narrowness of their area. It is hardly possible to get at the work in a boys' school attached to a college of priests or to a monastery; but we can in a way gauge the master of grammar, the man sent forth by the Universities with an authority to teach. Cambridge, at any rate, required only one subject besides grammar, and that was castigation. The "shrewd boy," whom the bedell had to provide to be flogged by the Inceptor in Grammar, received a groat for his literal pains, and no doubt by kicks and struggles vindicated his title to "shrewdness." We cannot tell how much material was ruined in this strange manufacture. But some grew up competent men enough, after the wants of those days. Though they had a detestable knowledge of a noun and a verb, and such words as no Christian can endure to hear, they were not above the humbler writing and casting accounpts, setting boys copies, and seeing that they were imitated. And we may not unreasonably suppose that their flagellatory performances were often a little formal, "up strokes heavy, and down strokes light," as Hood wished his master's strokes had been, after the example of Italian penmanship. Colet's touching allusion to the "little white hands" of his pupils forbids our regarding him as revelling in their sufferings.

Ascham is eminently human, perhaps constitutionally, perhaps influenced by the gentler spirits which were in the air, and found utterance through Lily, Colet, Erasmus, and Wolsey. The typical "curst" schoolmaster who comes before us in the lives of scholars of the sixteenth century, it is hardly necessary to say, is the very opposite of Ascham's ideal. Rules are to be cut down; when the child does well he is to be praised (a thing forgotten by many teachers); when he does amiss, he is to be shown better rather than to be chid. "Pleasure allureth love; love hath lust to labour; labour always attaineth his purpose,"

* *Essays on Educational Reformers*. By R. H. Quick, M.A. New edition. London: Longmans.

says Ascham; and, though some may question the last position, the other two are indisputable. But for the practical success of Ascham's double translations and twelvefold lessons we should require to summon before us others of his pupils besides Queen Elizabeth. And men of his day had no further ambition than the training of picked boys.

We must pass by Mulcaster, Edmund Spenser's master, with thanks to Mr. Quick for pointing him out as the first Englishman who started the idea of a training college, and Ratke, among whose nostrums are "Everything without constraint," and "Nothing may be learnt by heart"; to John Amos Comenius, now known by his Latinized name, Comenius, to whom humanity owes the enunciation of the grand sentiment, "We design for all who have been born human beings general instruction to fit them for everything human." Through the Jesuits' *Janua Linguarum* he rose to his highest pinnacle of fame in the charming *Orbis Sensualium Pictus*, calling in the artist, after a plan suggested by Lueben of Rostock. These illustrations are so exquisitely comic that it would be worth while reproducing the book, if only to take its place by *Verdant Green*. There is proof that Hoole's translation of the *Orbis* was used in English schools to the very end of the last century. One extract must suffice (from Lesson LVI.) on the pleasant subject of Butchery:—

Besides several Puddings,
Chitterlings, 13
Bloodings, 14
Liverings, 15
Sausages, 16

Præterea Farcinia varia,
Fulicos, 13
Apezbones, 14
Tomacula, 15
Botulos (Lucanicas), 16

the figures referring to various objects in a butcher's shop, wherein is a fat ox (*altis*), 2, patiently expectant of a blow from an ax (*clava*), 4. Mr. Quick ought to have enlivened his pages with one or two of these racy lessons.

Verily we are out of the clouds here, and, like the old woman whose favourite text was "Moah is my wash-pot," we begin to recognize palpable objects. "By the Germans and French," as Mr. Quick tells us, "Comenius is now recognized as the man who first treated education in a scientific spirit, and who bequeathed the rudiments of a science to a later age." Perhaps Lesson LVI. accounts in a measure for this high estimate. It may be observed that Hoole, the translator, distinctly presupposes the existence of an Accidence, side by side with this spicy vocabulary of culinary Latin; and, alas! that no artistic skill can limn the lineaments of the accusative case, or of the future-perfect tense—no, not even the skill of Comenius's artist, who, as Mr. Quick puts it, "stuck at nothing," depicting the human soul.

Passing over Locke's predecessors, we come to Locke himself. And here some schoolmaster is summoned into court to be contrasted with the author of the *Conduct of the Understanding*. After they have been contrasted they are, in a measure, reconciled; and then Locke is confronted with himself, and it is shown that the principle of development is enunciated as clearly in the work just named as is utilitarianism in the *Thoughts Concerning Education*. It is possible that the two principles may be inseparable.

Though Rousseau has been dead more than a century, his way of putting things gives a long life to his words. No wonder that he sympathized with a childhood which he hardly outgrew. Petulant in his hatred of what existed, eager in his pursuit of he hardly knew what, amusing himself and his admirers with the paper training of his paper Emile, desiring education without books, ignoring what the general consent of mankind deems essential, no teacher could deliberately regard him as a guide. Had his felicity of expression been less, few would have given him a second thought.

The chapter on Pestalozzi is especially interesting, and to be rightly appreciated requires a good deal of reading. The man was actuated by a noble spirit of self-sacrifice. He saw, with Solomon, that out of the heart are the issues of life, and records his conviction that *when a child's heart has been touched the consequences will be great for his development and entire moral character*. For this mark he seems to have gone straight, and in the strength of Faith, Hope, and Charity, he has built himself an everlasting name. The wonderful success of his five months at Stanz, the struggles and disappointments at Burgdorf, the great reputation and final collapse of Yverdon, form an epoch in the history of education which arrests and entralls the reader's attention. But it is hard to discover any further secret in Pestalozzianism than the unwritten code which rules the head and heart of thousands of teachers all over the world—the Eternal Law of Love. Here Mr. Quick is very severe on our Elementary Schools. Managers, teachers, and inspectors are "in one red burial blent" with that diabolical machinist "the Right Hon. Robert Lowe," whose elevation to the Peerage Mr. Quick does not condescend to notice. Some who spend a great portion of their lives in our schools have formed a very different estimate of the average teacher. These, however, are plain, practical people who know nothing of the science of education, and may be safely disregarded by theorists.

Froebel's Kindergarten "needs no apology," as King George III. said of the Bible; but, as is well noted, it requires the Kindergarten idea to make it in any measure fulfil its true ends. The man who first systematically utilized that plague of most teachers, the natural and proper restlessness of childhood, may find his rival some day in a mechanical genius who will turn to account the "chime of restless motion" in the waves of the sea.

Mr. Quick has devoted a chapter to Jacotot. When Jacotot's

paradoxes have been through Mr. Quick's crucible, the residuum of genuine metal seems to present no element which had not been previously recognized.

The conclusion of the whole matter is not for us, or for those who shall come after us, for many generations; but a general reflection will arise, that the educational reformer must bring his observation of all sorts of children into play, and let his theories shape themselves by degrees by the whole mass of phenomena, not by such only as it may please him to record. He must take into account transmitted tendencies for evil as well as for good, the inborn love of dirt, physical and moral, of deceit, of cruelty, of destructiveness, if he will attain to something of his lofty aims. Where the educational reformer has done something of the work, faced the myriads of unknown quantities which exist in the veriest handful of children, succeeded in keeping order, and developing in some way or other the wondrous faculties which exist for good or for evil in almost all, there we may see the dim outlines of a possible science of education. Whereas those who, like the Pelagians, do "vainly talk," leaving elements, imponderable but certainly weighty, out of the account, and everlastingly lecturing workers about clumsiness in bearing burdens never felt by themselves, must not be surprised if their effectiveness is summed up in the words of Mr. Quick. We get "small help from expounders of education as a science."

MAZZINI.*

"A BEAUTIFUL little man; full of sensibilities, of melodies, of clear intelligence, and noble virtues." Such was Mazzini, according to Carlyle, who, however, adds, by way of the inevitable drop of lemon juice, that he was "very wearisome with his incoherent Jacobinisms, George Sandisms, in spite of all my love and regard for him." Jacobinisms enough and to spare, in the shape of hazy, revolutionary rhetoric, will be found in the "beautiful little man" by the student of his "Life and Writings," now reappearing in a compact edition of six volumes; and, if "George Sandisms" were Carlylese for sentimentalisms, then of George Sandisms too; but only to those who share this very unphilosophical impatience of the "philosopher of Chelsea" will he be "very wearisome," or even, save in exceptional accessions of long-windedness, wearisome at all. To those, indeed, who can enjoy the subtle pleasure to which Carlyle, humorist as he was, appears to have been strangely insensible, of alternately, or rather simultaneously, admiring and laughing at the self-same hero, and sometimes even of admiring the more for your laughter, and laughing the more for your admiration, the vanity, the *naïveté*, the passion and pathos, the genuine eloquence, and the equally unadulterated absurdity of this autobiographical memoir of a thoroughly disinterested, generously open-minded, and absolutely unteachable and impracticable conspirator, combine to make it an almost uniformly delightful piece of reading. In mere wealth of unconscious humour the author's narrative of his life-long revolutionary propaganda, of the journals that he started and the articles that he wrote, of the secret societies that he formed and the rules that he framed for them, of the risings that he planned and the victories that he failed to organize, is beyond price. For that his humour is unconscious our general knowledge of the genus revolutionist, and our specific acquaintance with this particular specimen, alike forbid us to doubt. Take Section 4, for instance, of the "General Instructions for the Members of 'Young Italy,'" the secret society founded by Mazzini in 1831:—

The means by which Young Italy proposes to reach its aim are education and insurrection, to be adopted simultaneously and made to harmonize with each other. Education must ever be directed to teach by example, word, and pen the necessity of insurrection. Insurrection, whenever it can be realized, must be so conducted as to render it a means of national education.

Or take, again, the passage wherein, with scientific calmness, he notes the one weak point in the Carbonari to which their failure as a revolutionary combination was presumably due. "These insurrections," we are told, "were successful," but—
the work of mere destruction once fulfilled, each Carbonaro fell back upon his own individual aims and opinions, and all were at variance as to what they had to create. Some imagined themselves to be conspiring in the interest of a single monarchy; many were partisans of the French Constitution, many of the Spanish; some were for a Republic; others for I know not how many republics; and all of these complained that they had been deceived.

How startling an illustration is this of the truth of the two revolutionary axioms elsewhere enunciated—the former in all the dignity of capitals—by our author. "The First Law of every Revolution is to know what you would have. The method of obtaining what you would have is to be the second consideration, naturally flowing out of the first law." [It is noteworthy that the consideration of whether it is possible to get what you want—which some people would "bracket equal" with the First Law—does not even "run into a place." It is "nowhere."] "It was therefore necessary that we should make choice of a symbol, a faith, and an aim from among the many presented to us. We have chosen the republican symbol." At times, in the passages in which Mazzini is exposing the enormities of despotism there is just a suspicion of irony; but it is only a

* *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*. In 6 vols. A New Edition. London: Smith & Elder.

suspicion, and on the whole we are inclined to think an unfounded one. Thus:—

The Governor of Genoa at that time was a certain Venanson. When asked by my father of what I was accused, he replied that the time had not arrived for answering that question; but that I was a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subject of my meditations, and that the Government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it.

The italics are Mazzini's, but we cannot but believe that the emphasis which they are intended to impart is that of indignation, and not of amusement.

The political views of this unalterably sanguine ideologue and indefatigable conspirator form a curious and interesting psychological study. It is but rarely indeed that we have the opportunity of following the workings of a mind in which a remarkable logical acuteness and a certain measure of sound political wisdom are so inextricably interwoven with the "stuff that dreams are made on." Shrewd observations of fact alternate with the vaguest flights of rhetoric, and the safest maxims of the statesman with the windiest formulas of the philosopher, on almost every page. And the course of recorded history by turns confirms the calculations of the politician and stultifies the provisions of the seer.

Attestations of Mazzini's foresight are plentiful enough on the face of contemporary Europe, but, unfortunately, the refutations of his prophecies do much more abound. It is memorably to his credit, not so much that he foresaw the possibility of Italian Unity when the view of his contemporaries was bounded by the mere conception of an Italy liberated from the yoke of the foreigner, as that he saw in unity the one condition of permanent liberation and its one assurance of value. To have foreseen the possibility in question was nothing; and, indeed, it may be doubted whether—inasmuch as he strenuously denied that that possibility could ever be realized in the way in which, in fact, it came to pass—he can be properly said to have foreseen it at all. But he was justly entitled to pride himself on having perceived that a "free Italy"—meaning thereby a loosely-knit federation of petty autonomous States—would be just as much a mere "geographical expression" as it was in the days when the Austrian ruled in Lombardy and Venetia, and the Pope held the temporal sovereignty of Rome.

Mazzini himself, as we cannot doubt, and, indeed, as his autobiographical memoir shows clearly enough, set much greater store by his transcendental quality of faith than by his mere earthly faculty of political calculation. Events, however, as he faithfully records them, lend no sort of countenance to the preference; for, if it was mainly by an act of faith that he saw the unification of Italy—which "came off"—it was the same process which enabled him to affirm the absolute impossibility of its happening in the way in which, in fact, it did happen; and the volume before us is quite comically strewn with his infelicitously dogmatic utterances on the latter point. "The insurrection of a people must be achieved by their own forces. No true or lasting liberty can be given by the foreigner." The mere names of the years 1859, 1866, and 1870 are sufficient to put this oracular doctrine in its true place. "We shall not seek the alliance of Sovereigns" (not even those of France or Prussia?), "nor delude ourselves with any idea of maintaining our liberty by diplomatic arts" (not even the master-strokes of a Cavour?); "we shall not ask our salvation as alms from the protocols of conferences" (not even those of the Congress of Paris at the close of the Crimean War?), "or promises of Cabinets" (not even those of the Government of Berlin before the war which ended at Sadowa?). If Mazzini looked confidently forward to a free Italy he was equally confident that his free Italy would not be monarchical; if he felt assured of a united Italy, he was equally sure that its unity would be, and would only be, attained under an Italian Republic. Most instructive is it, too, and, to those who prefer the methods of sober political reasoning to that of inspired guessing, most encouraging, to compare the *considérants* of the judgment in which he decides for Republic as against Monarchy with those on which he pronounces for Unity against Federalism. There are fourteen of the former, and of those thirteen are the purest *à priori* assumptions, some of them demonstrably unsound, and the rest of the most violently disputable description. In the latter case the *considérants* are ten in number, and all of them, with one exception, are founded on accurate observation of incontrovertible historic facts. But even the visionary and unverified assumptions on which the case for the republican principle is based in the passage above referred to, are more substantial than the following plea for universal suffrage:—"The man who does not exercise the right of election in any form is no longer a citizen. The pact of association is broken in regard to him by the fact that it has not included the expression of his will, and every law is therefore to him tyrannous." It is true that the fundamental principles of Democracy—otherwise known as "Government by the odd man"—have been more actively and acutely criticized in these days than they ever were in Mazzini's time; but nevertheless it does seem curious that it should never have occurred to a man of his intelligence that, if a law as to which there has been "no expression of the will" of a given citizen must seem to that citizen "tyrannous," so *à fortiori* must seem a law which has been enacted by the votes of a majority in direct opposition to his expressed will. If Mazzini was under the delusion, as possibly he was, that the mere fact

of the citizen having been allowed to express his will would reconcile him to its being overruled, we can only say that five minutes' conversation with one of those victims of "tyranny"—the anti-vaccinationists—would have completely undeceived him.

The impression of Mazzini's personal character which the memoir leaves upon the mind is, on the whole, a pleasing one. We are satisfied that he was as honest and as amiable as he was "viewy" and impracticable—which is rating his virtues very high indeed; we believe him to have been genuinely disinterested, a thorough patriot after his wrongheaded fashion, and willing at all times to sacrifice anything to his country but the superstitions which he called his "faith," and the arbitrary assumptions which he mistook for "principles." For a lifelong revolutionist and conspirator he was probably the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled a ship of State because he disliked the figure-head, or cut the throat of a régime because he disapproved of its name. We quite believe that he was incapable of "hurting a fly," or even, in spite of his detestation of monarchy, a queen bee. He rebutted, with complete success, the charge once generally believed of him of favouring assassination; and the very candour with which he relates the exceedingly awkward story of his lending a thousand francs, and later on a "little dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, a gift and very dear" to him, to Antonio Gallenga, the young man who had confided to him, and apparently succeeded in overruling his objections to, a design of murdering Charles Albert, almost convinces us that this queer intellectual twist in his character must have perverted his moral judgment in the part which he was playing. His gift of literary expression as illustrated in these pages was undoubtedly of a high order; and if we cannot quite unreservedly admire the many flights of undoubted eloquence with which he dazzles us, it is because we can rarely help associating the brilliant and shifting hues of Mazzinian rhetoric with the iridescence of the soap-bubble.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

IMPRESSIONS of a Tenderfoot is so good a book that we should have been glad if it had a better title. There is slang that is picturesque and slang that is poetical, and there are slang words and phrases so emphatically expressive that, like a well-bred Skye terrier, there is a charm in their ugliness. We may be hypercritical, but "Tenderfoot" sounds unpleasant to us, nor is it any way applicable to Mrs. St. Maur, who has modestly adopted a misnomer. She courted rough adventure, and shrank from neither hardships nor privations. In place of being tenderfooted, or treading delicately like King Agag, she might have gone "buff-slipped," like the tramp in the *Uncommercial Traveller* of Dickens. But Mrs. St. Maur was fortunate in the companionship of her husband, who had some previous familiarity with those regions of the Wild West. They went to the West of the Rockies in search of sport, and so far the trip must be pronounced a failure. We are somewhat surprised that Mr. St. Maur's experience did not warn him that the season of his visit would be against him, and though he worked hard, he bagged but little. We should fancy that the most passionate enthusiasm must have been damped by being continually lured forward by tracks and "sign," and yet seldom getting in sight of bear or moose or cariboo. Nor was the fishing much more satisfactory than the shooting. Now and then a heavy trout was landed; on one occasion, on a lovely lake, they hauled in an eight-and-twenty-pounder. But as a rule the trout and salmon were shy, and resolutely resisted the temptation of the fly. When caught at all, they were killed with spoon-bait, and we quite agree with Mrs. St. Maur that trolling is a slow business at the best. But though moose-meat or broiled trout would have often been welcome, to the reader the interest is in the incidents or in the disappointments, rather than in the material results. And otherwise the book is full of bright adventure, of interesting information as to the progress of these new colonies, and of picturesque sketches of the men who have gone thither in quest of wealth or a comfortable existence. Of course there can be nothing very new or very eventful in the narrative of the railway journey from the Lakes to the Ocean. But it is curious to contrast the luxuries of Pullman-car travelling nowadays with the times when Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, with the help of the one-handed Assineboine and a single light hatchet, hewed out the memorable "North-West Passage" through a tangled wilderness of unexplored forest. For the line has been carried over the famous Kicking Horse Pass, and, looking out of the carriage windows, we recognize many of the localities we know so well by hearsay. Since then Fort Garry has grown into the flourishing city of Winnipeg, and Calgary has sprung up almost "spontaneous," as Mark Twain might have remarked; many another mining town has been "boomed," and more than one has been deserted. No doubt British Columbia has rich resources, and offers no small temptations to certain classes of settlers. There is a great extent of extraordinarily fertile farming and grazing land; the forests, though often as yet inaccessible, are practically inexhaustible; and in places there is gold for the getting, if you have only the luck to hit upon them. But we should say the climate is simply abominable.

* *Impressions of a Tenderfoot.* By Mrs. Algernon St. Maur. London: John Murray.

The Canary Islands as a Winter Resort. By John Whitford, F.R.G.S. London: Edward Stanford.

Through the interminable winter in Manitoba the thermometer sometimes marks nearly 70 degrees of frost, and when any wind is stirring the cold is mortal. In the height of summer, as Mrs. St. Maur tells us, she has known the mercury go up to 107 degrees. Conceive a country where the poultry must be kept in casemates, and where the fowls are always losing their feet by frostbite. It seems to us that no man starting with moderate means can hope to amass even a modest fortune by Columbian farming; and notwithstanding intelligence and indefatigable industry, his life must be one prolonged struggle with the adverse elements. Now and then there may be money to be made by speculating in town lots; but that is an exceedingly risky game. On the other hand, the sturdy and steady labourer who sets his face against drink and keeps his health, if he serves his apprenticeship to lumbering, may speedily assure an independence. We are told of one young fellow who in two years saved 300 dollars, bought a farm of 160 acres, and a house besides, which he sublet for 60 dollars a year. The wages should be very good, for the outgoings are excessive. One lumberer assured Mrs. St. Maur that he spent 100 dollars yearly on boot-leather, and the men go about their labour, severe as it is, enveloped in all manner of warm clothing. For the work is hard in the extreme, and trying to the strongest constitution. It is attended, besides, with many dangers, and there are neither hospitals nor surgeons in the woods. It is supposed to take two years of habitual practice to master the use of the awkward American axe, and floating the logs down river to the sawmills is always accompanied by imminent peril. The foreman of the lumber-camp told Mrs. St. Maur that, from the time the "drive" starts to the day it arrives at its destination, none of the men have a stitch of dry clothes upon them; and that for himself, during seventy-five days he had never had more than four hours' sleep. Nothing is more interesting in Mrs. St. Maur's book than the story of her own sojourn in that lumber-camp. Her husband made it his headquarters on one of his sporting expeditions, and she over-persuaded him to take her with him, though the days were shortening fast and the winter was already upon them. Their arrival, of course, created a sensation. "By —!" exclaimed one of the men, "here's a woman!" But the woman was welcomed with chivalrous courtesy, and treated with the most cordial hospitality. The lumber-camp was a huge log-hut, with sleeping bunks arranged around the sides, and a roaring fire in the middle. The lady and her husband had their quarters in their own private tent, which, though it had the advantages of seclusion, was far less comfortable. They had borrowed a second canvas covering and a sheet-iron stove, yet it was impossible to maintain an equable temperature. They were either half-frozen or sweltering in the heat. Then the cooking was a difficulty which was hard to overcome; and the trouble of boiling the kettle was so great that Mrs. St. Maur would quench her thirst with cold water rather than make hot coffee. One pleasant distraction she always found in the exceeding tameness of the wild creatures. "The squirrels, the chipmunks, snowbirds, woodpeckers, and moosebirds, all eye us curiously as an intruder into their dominions. How tame they are! One little brown squirrel with a straight brush of a tail is furnishing his camp for the winter with a cold potato, which seems rather a big load; he moves off with considerable difficulty." Yet that stationary camp had its advantages in spite of the cold. Elsewhere, on flying expeditions and in more genial weather, mosquitoes and sandflies were intolerable nuisances, while a wandering snake would occasionally drop in. And she found her bed of gravel less soft than a spring mattress, though she declares that after a night in the open she always woke up thoroughly refreshed. Altogether, her descriptions are capital; and we wish we could give some of her more exciting experiences, such as riding half-broken ponies unprotected, to distant stores in search of supplies, and shooting dangerous rapids in frail bark canoes, almost miraculously steered safely by Indian paddles.

The *Canary Islands as a Winter Resort* sadly reminds us of how hard it is for a sensitive and intellectual Englishman to find happiness anywhere on earth. Staying at home through the winter he is doomed to deadly and most depressing weather; while if he seeks for an ideally perfect climate abroad, he is almost sure to be bored to extinction. Nothing can come nearer to the Earthly Paradise than some of the situations on the western shores of the more favoured of those Fortunate Isles; but then there is next to nothing to do when the first novelty has worn off. But for hypochondriacs who are absorbed in considerations of health, or for dull folks who are self-contained and somewhat sensuous, the Canaries are greatly to be commended. Independently of the azure skies and the varied charms of the scenery, there are enough of objects of general interest to soothe an irritable or uneasy conscience, and enliven existence with expeditions or picnics. Of course there are sundry historical associations, but these are soon exhausted. Mr. Whitford spent many months in the islands, visiting all of them in detail and doing them very thoroughly. That conspicuous sea-mark, the sublime Peak of Teneriffe, is a type of their stern appearance when seen from a distance. Even the Grand Canary is said to resemble a cluster of rugged, inhospitable mountains, and two of the smaller islands of the group are absolutely barren and desolate. But for the most part the repulsive aspect is deceptive. The grandeur of the mountains is relieved by the softer beauties of the lower declivities; and the valleys and the sheltered stretches on the sea-shore are luxuriant with the glories of semi-tropical

vegetation. Sometimes the changes from one side of an island to the opposite one are sudden and startling. As in Palma, when climbing upwards from the old capital of Santa Cruz, after traversing a wilderness of volcanic rock, scantily covered here and there by copses of dwarf timber, you descend upon slopes that are watered by the warm rain-drip of the Atlantic. Yet even in these dreary wastes of waterless lava, the way was enlivened with the songs of the nightingales and the blackbirds. The change of scenery in Teneriffe from its Santa Cruz—for the Spanish settlers do not seem to have been fertile in nomenclature—is even more striking:—"From the blue ocean up to the margin of the forests—even away up to the snow-line—there are farms, hamlets, villages, and churches dotted over the emerald country." Streams of water, irrigating and refreshing the landscapes, have their sources in the snows; and above all there towers the Peak of Teneriffe, glittering in the sunshine with its unsullied whiteness. So far as scenery and situation go, the Grand Hotel of Orotava, which is persistently advertised in English journals, cannot be bad quarters. Indeed, the towns in the larger islands appear to be fairly well supplied with decent hotel accommodation, except in the height of the winter season, when many of the guests have to be boarded out. The prices are not unreasonable, ranging from five to eight shillings a day; but the establishments are said to "be in a transition state, between the old fashion and the new—between highly-objectionable arrangements for health and the latest sanitary improvements." That somewhat mysterious passage each reader must interpret for himself. The beef is bad; but everything else is satisfactory. As for fruit, it is served at every meal in infinite variety and lavish profusion; so that the visitor is gradually won over to vegetarianism, and declines to try his teeth and digestion by tackling the muscular sirloin. There is an abundance of private houses to be hired, though English families will find it advisable to supplement the meagre furniture, and should bring bedding, as well as plate and cutlery. The streets are steep and indifferently paved, and most of the country roads must be deplorable, when they are anything more than mere horse-tracks. The fares in the public conveyances are low enough in all conscience, but the company is mixed; and hiring a private carriage is costly, considering the general scale of charges. And, to conclude where we began, there is a depressing dearth of entertainment; though even the mild dissipation which is available in one or two of the chief towns is said to betray invalids into dangerous indiscretions. We may add, by way of postscript, that the voyage from England occupies from five to eight days, according to the speed of the steamer and the port of departure; so that, unless an invalid takes kindly to the sea, the Canaries must still be pronounced inaccessible.

NOVELS.*

THE joint authors of *A Sensitive Plant* have set themselves a task of no common difficulty. To portray successfully the nature symbolized by the shrinking tremulous mimosa, a peculiarly skilful hand is needed, a light and sympathetic touch that will bring into relief the latent tenderness and devotion, and win compassion for the morbid sensitiveness which forbids their expression. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Janet Sinclair, the sensitive plant of the novel, is in many respects a disappointing creation, that she raises expectations which remain unfulfilled, and that, before the close of the third volume, our interest in the misunderstandings brought about by her almost inconceivable timidity begins to flag. The shyness from which she suffers an absolute martyrdom appears to arise less from her peculiar temperament than from a want of familiarity with the ordinary customs of society, quite unexplained by the circumstances of her birth and education; while the perverse blindness which twice prevents a declaration from the man she loves seems the result rather of stupidity than of sensitiveness. Too much prominence is given to the awkward blunders caused by her overpowering nervousness, and we are not made to feel the charm which might compensate for the irritating persistence with which Janet says and does the wrong thing whenever opportunity offers. In the character of her lover, Cairnboro Chichester, less has been attempted and the success is greater. We have in him a hero who is, happily, neither impossibly evil nor impossibly perfect, but a mere ordinary mortal like ourselves, with very human vanities and foibles; the only remarkable trait in his character being the sorely overstrained sense of honour which compels him, when he becomes the owner of his uncle's property, to renew his offer of marriage to the heartless coquette who rejected him when she believed him disinherited, and whom he no longer loves. Of the secondary characters, the most noteworthy is that of Sir Alec Sinclair, Janet's cross-grained, combative father, who goes about the world armed with statistics of the demolition of popular fallacies, and makes it a point of honour to contradict every assertion of his family and friends. His son Robert, and maiden sister, Miss Penny, are mere sketches; while the gourmet, Mr. d'Obson, who seeks Janet's hand under the mistaken impression

* *A Sensitive Plant*. By G. and D. Gerard. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

Handfasted. By A. Charles Bickley and George S. Carryer. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Cross-Crossed. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynde. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

On Trust. By Thomas Cobb. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

that he is indebted to it for a lobster *soufflé* of superlative excellence, prefacing his proposal by the gift of rare works on cookery, is altogether too grotesque a figure to be considered seriously. The attention of the authors seems to have been concentrated on the central figure, and the story suffers in consequence, the plot being extremely slight and weak, and turning upon a misconception scarcely possible in real life. Some pleasant descriptive passages occur here and there, and it is to be regretted that the repeated introduction of the surrounding coal-pits, which play no part in the story, should spoil the picture of Janet's home in Glenmavis.

Handfasted, also the result of combined authorship, takes us back more than a hundred years, to the days when the ancient custom, which gives the book its title, was still common in certain country districts where rustic lovers were wont to pledge themselves to one another, as husband and wife, for a year and a day, after which time they were free to seek fresh partners, or might be still more closely united by a legal marriage. Arthur Crosbie, the hero of the story, a reckless libertine and macaroni of the approved eighteenth-century type, being forced by political misadventures to exchange his life of dissipation at Court for a wearisome sojourn in the little West-country town of Winterbourne, naturally beguiles the time by making love to the prettiest girl in the neighbourhood. As the easiest means of overcoming the maidenly scruples of little Elsie, he induces her to "handfast" herself secretly to him by bribing the Mayor, who is witness of their pledge, to represent the ceremony as perfectly legal and binding. The consequences may be imagined. Arthur's prospects improve; he inherits an earldom from his uncle, and, without bestowing a thought on the victim, of whom he is already weary, hastens to London to squander his newly-gained wealth. Meanwhile Elsie's secret is discovered, and she becomes an outcast; but she does not lack champions, for her noble-minded cousin and rejected lover, Philip Rose, and his sharp-tongued, warm-hearted mother, take her in and care tenderly for her; while the worthy apprentice, Samson, who has long worshipped his master's daughter in secret, sets valiantly forth to seek and bring back the absent rival. In all this, as the authors themselves acknowledge, there is little novelty or originality; but the old tale of trust and betrayal, if freshly and sympathetically told, never loses its charm, and the interest of the drama played out in the sleepy little market-town is well sustained. The townsfolk themselves, too, with their neighbourly quarrels, and gossip, and rivalry, are for the most part pleasant company enough: some of them we seem already to have met in the pages of Mr. Hardy's novels. The latter part of the book is the least satisfactory. Seen among his boon companions, the Earl of Grassthorpe appears an even more despicable villain than the Arthur Crosbie of the earlier chapters, and we can put but small faith in the miracle supposed to be wrought by the tearful entreaties of honest Samson and the moral platitudes of a prosy individual who passes his time in offering good advice, in and out of season, whereby the selfish, heartless profligate is transformed into a remorseful penitent, eager to repair the mischief he has caused. This he does, to the satisfaction of every one, by making Elsie his wife a few hours before the birth of their son, and his former cowardly treachery being forgiven and forgotten, the curtain falls on a scene of domestic felicity, in which the reformed reprobate poses as a model husband and father. As in the preface, written, apparently, for the purpose of denouncing the critic and all, or nearly all, his works, the authors modestly disclaim any attempt at reproducing all the "important minutiae" dear to "lovers of detail," they would have done well to omit the coarse expressions and over-forcible epithets, characteristic, no doubt, of the eighteenth century, but not acceptable to readers of the present day.

The *Crisis-Cross Lovers*—Alison Langley and Arthur Douglas—being, as the author expresses it, "honourably determined to be miserable for all time," naturally allow themselves to be kept asunder, first by a foolish misunderstanding, which a few straightforward words would set right, and afterwards by the mysterious scruples which prove troublesome only in the world of fiction. If, however, heroes and heroines were endowed with common sense in place of their many impossible virtues, few novels would run to three-volume length, and in the present instance we are fortunately not left in painful doubt as to the final issue, but, in spite of bitter recrimination and unseemly bickering, can look forward with calm confidence to the ultimate blissful union of this perverse couple. They are, moreover, though the most prominent, by no means the most interesting, characters in a very readable story, and we feel less anxiety that justice should be done to the much-injured, long-suffering Colonel than that his delightful old host, Macleod of Craighenvohr, should be freed from his embarrassments, and restored to full enjoyment of his moors and streams. The best chapters in the book are those that tell of life at Craighenvohr, where the laird and his handsome, light-hearted daughters dispense hospitality to half the countryside, giving a cordial welcome to friends and strangers alike, without a thought of changing times and diminishing rents, till the bright home is darkened by a gathering cloud of trouble that threatens to bring ruin on the kindly family. The means by which the simple-minded old man is rescued from his entanglements are little short of miraculous, and we are quite unprepared for the sudden repentance of the crafty money-lender by whom the snare has been spread, and who, at the bidding of his austere wife, consents not only to forego his claim on the estate, but, forsaking evil ways, to

content himself for the future with a modest three and a half per cent. We are not surprised to learn that "he is not always happy." A natural and amusing busybody is Lady Scrumpton, the Colonel's bustling fussy sister, with her mania for managing other people's affairs and a love of petty intrigue, which eventually cause the loss both of her own fortune and of Alison's. Most of us have suffered from the ill-advised attentions of some such over-officious friend. Though marred by occasional carelessness, the writer's style is easy and unaffected; it is unfortunate, however, that she should so continually break the thread of the story to introduce long and tedious discussions of the Crofter Commission and similar subjects, quite inappropriate to a work of this kind.

The opening pages of *On Trust* promise a tale of some interest; but the author's stock of incidents is small, and the supply becoming exhausted after the melodramatic gas explosion, and the gallant attempt of the athletic young vicar to rescue the mysterious stranger from the consequences of his own reckless folly, in the last two volumes we have to content ourselves with the tittle-tattle of a country village and the love-making of a set of singularly commonplace characters. The heroine, Ivy Archibald, is especially lacking in force and colour. The rival lovers are about equally unattractive, though we incline to give the preference to the selfish man of the world, Edgar Joliffe. Ivy tries both, and makes a different choice; finally bestowing herself and her much-discussed wealth on the Rev. Ashley Barnard, whose lofty sense of honour, though preventing him from making his ward happy by marrying her himself, permits him to make her miserable by handing her over to a manifest fortune-hunter. It is only when Ivy is, happily, reduced to beggary that the inflexible guardian allows her to become his wife, and his grief and horror when the unlucky fortune is restored on the wedding day bid fair to wreck the happiness of the distracted bride. The only person in the book with whom we can feel sympathy is the practical, clear-headed schoolmistress, Miss Mackinder; who, seeing that the vicar's ridiculous scruples need prompt and energetic treatment, lays a successful plot to make him happy in spite of himself.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

IN his present volume, Mr. Wharton does for the Latin language what he has already done for Greek in his *Etyma Græca*. He has taken from the sixteen leading authors those words (3,055 in number) which are not derivatives or compounds of other Latin words, and has attempted to give their etymology. Mr. Wharton is well acquainted with the leading authorities, and his information is well up to date. Three hundred and sixty derivations Mr. Wharton believes to be his own. Many of these are highly ingenious, and some almost convincing. It seems to us a little fanciful to derive *cortina* from *curtus*, "cut down, not tall like an amphora," and we are not convinced by the suggestions that *almus* is connected with the New Umbrian *armor*, "ceremonies." On the other hand, there is much to be said for the ascription of *lignum* to the same root as *linguo*, giving the meaning "remnant," "end," and the derivation of *caliga* from *καλῦς*, "husk," is tempting, and at worst preferable to the old-fashioned derivation from *calceus*. Mr. Wharton corrects the old derivation of *sollemnis* from *sollus*, "whole," and *annus*, and ascribes to the latter part of the word an Oscan origin from *annus*, "round," of which *annod = circuitu* occurs in an inscription. But as *annus* and *annus* must be kindred words, we do not see that the correction makes much difference. Among other interesting suggestions may be mentioned the theory that

* *Etyma Latina: an Etymological Lexicon of Classical Latin*. By Edward Ross Wharton, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Rivington.

First Greek Syntax. By W. Gunion Rutherford, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster of Westminster. London: Macmillan & Co.

Herodotus V.—Tēpsichore. With Introduction, Notes, and Map. By E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Plutarch's Lives of Galba and Otho. With Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By E. G. Hardy, M.A., formerly Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Ovidii Metamorphoseon Liber Primus. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. Edgar Sanderson, late Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. Oxford: Parker & Co.

The Alcestis of Euripides. With Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and a Complete Vocabulary. By M. A. Bayfield, M.A., Headmaster's Assistant at Malvern College. London: Macmillan & Co.

P. Vergili Maronis Æneidos Lib. III. Edited for the Use of Schools by T. E. Page, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Gospel according to St. Luke. Being the Greek Text as revised by Drs. Westcott and Hort. With Introduction and Notes by Rev. John Bond, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

Models for Latin Prose Composition Selected from the Best Authors. By J. Oliver, Bombay Educational Department. Bombay and London: Cambridge & Co.

Homeri Iliadis Cœmima. Edidit Aloisius Rzsch. Pars prior, Carm. I.-xii. Pars altera, Carm. xiii.-xxiv. Londini: Cassell.

Q. Horati Flacci Opera. Ediderunt O. Keller et I. Haussner. Londini: Cassell.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Whiston's Translation revised by Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. IV. The Jewish War—Books I.-IV. Vol. V. The Jewish War—Books V.-VII. Against Apion—Books I., II.

plaustrum is connected with *ploxemum*, a rare word of Gallic origin, meaning "waggon-box," and with the Old High German *plhuog*, our "plough." *Lis* Mr. Wharton connects etymologically with *littera*, and both with *littus*, deriving all from a root meaning "division." But perhaps the most entertaining and ingenious of all Mr. Wharton's conjectures relates to the ejaculation *edepol*, which he believes to be an abbreviation of *e Castor ed* [Oscan form of *et*] *e Pol*, "by Castor and Pollux." But we must not commit ourselves to the task of discussing Mr. Wharton's suggestions at length, which would need more space than can be afforded here. Beside the lexicon proper, the book contains a short introduction on the "Ursprache," or parent language, in which it is popularly supposed that philologists hold converse together, and an appendix on comparative etymology.

Whether Mr. Rutherford's *Greek Syntax* will ever be as widely used as his *Accidence* is doubtful. The work is excellently done; in 170 pages Mr. Rutherford has contrived to express the whole essence of Attic syntax, and this without any of the obscurity which proverbially comes of brevity. The exposition could not be clearer, and the shortness of the book is due to no lack of argument and illustration, but to the fact that Mr. Rutherford does not attempt to be exhaustive. He keeps to main principles, and leaves rarities and exceptions out of the question. Our only doubt with regard to the book is whether it is suited to class-teaching. The majority of boys in a middle, or upper-middle, form of a public school will, either from incapacity or want of careful application, fail to follow out closely reasoned arguments, such as Mr. Rutherford's little treatises on the various branches of syntax really are, and a grammar which does not explain itself to the large majority of a form is a weariness to boys and to master alike. Something short, precise, and dogmatic is what is needed. But to intelligent boys, with a turn for scholarship, the book will be almost a revelation, since it gives, on a scale suited to their stage of knowledge, the well-reasoned statement of principles which is generally put off till a later period in the scholar's career. Among the best chapters are, we think, those on case-construction and on the use of the participles, from the latter of which a great deal of Greek idiom may be picked up. Mr. Rutherford confines himself to Attic syntax, and when he touches on constructions peculiar to poetry, he emphasizes the fact by a simple typographical device which we have not seen employed before. We heartily welcome his work as a supplement to and commentary on such a syntax as that of Messrs. Abbott and Mansfield's—the best of its kind known to us—and as an introduction to more advanced works, such as Dr. Goodwin's.

From the practised hand of Mr. Shuckburgh we have an excellent Sixth-form edition of *Herodotus V*. The historical notes are all that can be desired; those on the interpretation of the text are more, for they give too much help in the way of translation—the only fault which we have to find with the book. There are good notes on the Lake-dwellers, the vexed question of the *Kadμεία γράμματα*, the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and other matters of interest. Mr. Shuckburgh has gone to Mr. Roberts on questions of epigraphy, and to Professor Middleton on archaeology, than whom he could not have consulted more competent authorities. Appended to the notes is an historical and geographical index, which is decidedly useful, as many names occur in this book which are not to be found in the smaller classical dictionaries. There is a good introduction, in which the main thread of the narrative is kept apart by a difference of type from the frequent parentheses in which Herodotus delights—a device greatly conducive to clearness.

"I shall no doubt be told," says Mr. Hardy in his preface, "that the length of the commentary is out of all proportion to the length of the text." Mr. Hardy is right. We shall venture to tell him that an editor who, to quote his own words again, makes "no claim to the lexicographical knowledge of Plutarch which forms so valuable a part of Mr. Holden's editions" has no excuse for writing a commentary on the same scale as those of the distinguished scholar with whom he disclaims competition. We have here a volume over four hundred pages long. 115 of these pages are occupied by the introduction, just upon 200 by the commentary, while, of the 84 which are devoted to the large clear type and well-spaced lines of the text, no small part is occupied by a closely-printed English analysis of the subject-matter, some sections of which are about half as long as the chapters which they summarize. And this in an edition intended mainly, we gather, for schoolboys! Mr. Hardy's matter is, we hasten to say, sound enough. He devotes himself rather to history than to scholarship; he writes judiciously on the relation of Plutarch to Tacitus, and of both to an earlier authority; and he clears up difficult points, and others, very completely. It is to be regretted that his diffuseness and the inordinate length of his notes will prevent the judicious Sixth-form boy from reading much of what he has to say.

A new volume of the *Oxford Pocket Classics*—no very common sight nowadays—brings back pleasing memories to the middle-aged. We the more regret that we cannot give unqualified praise to Mr. Sanderson's edition of *Metamorphoses I*. The notes are not amiss, being scholarly, and well suited to the lower forms of public schools; but the printing of the text—by reason not of bad type, but of injudicious spacing—is most unsatisfactory. To read a page of it is a weariness to eyes that never yet craved help of spectacles. This defect is the more annoying because the notes are admirably printed. It is also to be regretted that the publishers have not substituted cloth binding for the

paper cover, whose early disappearance with the owner's name inscribed thereon used to be one of childhood's minor troubles.

Mr. Bayfield's edition of the *Alcestis* is suited to the needs of boys reading their first Greek play. The notes are short and frequent, as such notes should be; there is an appendix giving the meaning of the commonest introductory words or phrases of Greek tragedy, and, we regret to add, a vocabulary. Any boy who can read a Greek play can use a lexicon, and will derive benefit from its use. Mr. Bayfield, apparently, has not made up his mind about the spelling of his heroine's name. On the title-page he keeps the familiar "Alcestis," but in the notes he follows the priggish fashion of the day and writes "Alkēstis."

We have already noticed one or two volumes of Mr. Page's *Æneid*, and there is no falling off in the present book. The notes are excellent from the point of view both of scholarship and of literature.

Mr. Bond gives us a good and useful school edition of St. Luke's Gospel. He is well read in his authorities, and gives all reasonable help, with an interpretation of the text and comment on the subject-matter. The chief variants are placed at the foot of each page, and there is an introduction dealing with the authorship of the Gospel and other points of interest. There is, we are happy to say, no vocabulary, and the only objection which can be made to the book is that the text is printed in rather small type.

Mr. Oliver has selected and arranged a number of passages from Latin prose authors as models for composition. "Only such passages as appeared suitable for composition have been selected," we are told in the preface; but the suitability of a Latin passage depends entirely on the English passage which has to be rendered, and we fail to see any special reason for the existence of this book, which may, however, be used as a storehouse of "Unseens."

The imprint *Londini, Cassell*, is new to us on volumes of standard texts of classical authors. For the *Iliad*, Messrs. Cassell have chosen the text of Rzach, which is printed in type of German character, not unlike that of the Teubner series, on a page about 8½ inches by 6. The paper is thinner and more shiny than we like, being, if we mistake not, severely hot-pressed. The printing is fair, though far from perfect, the degree of blackness varying a good deal from page to page. Variants and conjectural emendations are placed at the foot of the page, and there is an *index nominum* at the end of vol. ii.

We certainly should not select this *Homer* for comfortable reading, but it is a masterpiece of typography compared with the *Horace*, the printing of which is simply astonishing. Whether from the use of old and worn type, or from whatever cause, the varieties of thickness and blackness of words in the same line, and of letters in the same word, are so great, that on a hasty view one would suppose them to have been printed from different type.

The fourth and fifth volumes of Mr. Shilleto's revision of Whiston's *Josephus* contains the history of the *Jewish War*, and the treatise *Against Apion*. The translation is accurate, and the work should be useful; but from a literary point of view Mr. Shilleto leaves something to desire. The following sentence, for instance, from Agrippa's speech to the Jews (vol. iv. p. 184) is terribly clumsy, and might easily have been mended:—

But because some are impelled to war because they are young, and without experience of the miseries it brings, and others from an unreasonable expectation of regaining their liberty, and others from cupidity and the hope that, if affairs are in confusion, they may make gain at the expense of the weak, I have thought it right to convene you all together, and to say what I think to be for your advantage, that so the former may grow wiser and change their minds, and that the best men may come to no harm by the ill-advisedness of some.

What with the clumsy repetition of "because," the slipshod grammar of "impelled to war . . . from an unreasonable expectation," and the remarkable phrase "convene you all together," to say nothing of the un-English complication of clauses, this sentence seems to us to afford a striking example of a style which translators should avoid. Throughout the book one is frequently annoyed by awkward inversions, schoolboyish use of particles, and other shortcomings in the matter of style. Still we do not read *Josephus* in the original for his literary charm, and in a translation of a work which is valuable mainly as an historical document, some inelegance may be pardoned if only we get exactness, and on this score Mr. Shilleto gives no ground for complaint.

HANDBOOK AND ATLAS OF ASTRONOMY.*

THE multiplication of popular works upon any science may generally be regarded as a proof of the increasing interest taken in the subject, and with regard to the growing popularity of the study of astronomy there can be no doubt whatever. The present work combines a popular manual of descriptive astronomy with a handbook for the telescope and an atlas of the stars, and aims at occupying an intermediate position between an elementary and an advanced work. Well printed upon the thickest paper, and profusely illustrated, Mr. Peck's book is attractive in appearance, but somewhat disappointing in character.

The only portion which can lay much claim to originality is the introductory chapter, in which the author gives his views

* *A Popular Handbook and Atlas of Astronomy, designed as a Complete Guide to a Knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies, and as an Aid to those possessing Telescopes.* By William Peck, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S. London and Edinburgh: Gall & Inglis.

upon the origin of the constellation-figures. He considers, with great probability, that the zodiacal constellations were the first to be named, and shows much reason for regarding Egypt as the country in which the division of the heavens into constellations was originally made. His theory that the constellation-figures had reference partly to solar myths, and partly to the rise and fall of the Nile and the operations of husbandry, is not altogether original, but is certainly worked out with considerable ingenuity. The difficulty in the way of this interpretation, however, has always been that the sun does not enter the different signs at the seasons which appear to be indicated by the constellation-figures. As is well known, the precession of the equinoxes, which is the name given to a slow rotation (occupying about 26,000 years) of the pole of the equator round the pole of the ecliptic, causes the equinoctial point to move backward along the zodiac. Consequently the signs of the zodiac no longer agree with the constellations from which they are named. Thus the vernal equinox, when the sun crosses the equator, though still called the first point of Aries, is now in *Pisces*. But about 15,000 years ago the vernal equinox was in *Virgo*, and the autumnal in *Pisces*; the summer solstice was in *Capricornus*, and the winter in *Cancer*. At this remote period the author believes the zodiac to have been mapped out and named; and, if we are willing to push back the origin of Egyptian civilization so far, his theory agrees with the facts very satisfactorily. To give an example—the harvest in Egypt is about the time of the vernal equinox; if the sun was then in *Virgo*, as was the case about 15,000 years ago, the signification of the figure representing the constellation (a female bearing an ear of corn) is obvious. Dupuis made the same somewhat startling supposition as to the age of the zodiacal constellations in his *Origine des Constellations*.

The descriptive portion of Mr. Peck's work can hardly be expected to be very "complete" in the compass of little more than a hundred pages. On the score of accuracy it leaves also somewhat to be desired, as there is considerable carelessness and want of caution in the author's statements. We will give one or two instances of this:—Stars of the type of *Sirius* show a well-marked hydrogen spectrum, and Mr. Peck assumes that this is due to the greater mass of these stars. But since at least half the stars in the heavens belong to this type, it is a most hazardous assumption that they are all of greater mass than the others. The yellower stars of the type of *Capella*, and our own sun, he supposes to be inferior in mass; while the redder stars of the third type he imagines to be in a "further and cooler stage." Professor Young, however, who is a very high authority, considers it quite as likely for a red star to be younger than a white one, as to be older. The author states (p. 31) that the stars composing the Milky Way "are evidently much smaller . . . than the stars in other parts of the heavens." Of this there is really no proof whatever. The solar chromosphere and corona are described as parts of the sun's "so-called atmosphere"—a misleading term, since it is certain that no atmosphere analogous to our own can exist under solar conditions. "The corona does not apparently extend much beyond 300,000 miles from the sun, as observed in solar eclipses" (p. 38). Yet photographs of most eclipses have shown at least some parts of the corona extending to twice or three times this height. Again, on the same page, "very probably, however, it [the sun's atmosphere] reaches even to the path of the most distant planet; so that not only our earth, but each member of the system, in its orbital journey, moves through part of this mighty envelope which surrounds the sun. By it the motions of the various orbs will be slightly retarded, and drawn gradually nearer to the centre, until ultimately they become united with the sun himself." We fail to see any sufficient basis for these speculations, and we have no evidence of retardation in any of the planetary movements. But Mr. Peck is convinced of the existence of a resisting medium, which he says (p. 66) "is now known to exist." He cites as evidence of this the decreasing period of Encke's comet; but he seems to be unaware that at the later returns of this comet its period has been found to be lengthening again; so that, whatever be the cause of the irregularity of its movements, it is certainly not a resisting medium, of which there is practically no evidence. What is more, comets have passed within 300,000 miles of the sun's surface without the least disturbance of their motion. Yet there the "resisting medium," if it is of the nature of a solar atmosphere, as the author appears to consider, would be almost at its densest. "Mars," says Mr. Peck, on p. 49, "is a planet not nearly so mountainous as Mercury or our earth." We know practically nothing about the surface of Mercury, as it is impossible to say what the markings observed upon the planet really are. But enough has been said to show the want of caution of which we have complained.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention such minor inaccuracies as "Herschell" for Herschel, on plate 8 B; and "Demois" for Deimos, on page 50. We notice, too, that *Capella* is placed in the first class of stars on page 22, and (correctly) in the second class in the table on the following page. On plate 5, *Fomalhaut* is given as a double star; we are not aware of any authority for this, though the star has a faint companion, much too distant to be shown in the diagram.

The best of the pictorial illustrations are two photographs of the moon, taken with the author's 13-inch telescope, which form the frontispiece. But the drawings of the planets are extremely crude. The chart of Mars is a very coarse reproduction of Schiaparelli's drawing; it would have been much better to give pictures more resembling what an amateur is likely to see.

The figures of nebulae on plate 8 are extremely poor, and not always taken from the best sources; the great nebulae in *Andromeda* and *Orion* are especially bad. The figures of comets on plate 16 are a little better, but the drawing of the sun on plate 9, with a fanciful corona (perhaps intended for that of 1871), and with monstrous prominences, is a gross caricature. The numerous diagrams, on the other hand, are as good as can be desired, and the representations of orbits of planets, satellites, &c., are certainly useful. The work also contains a large number of excellent tables; these, and the atlas of twelve charts of the stars, with a brief catalogue of the interesting objects in each constellation, will probably prove the most useful portion of the work. The atlas is preceded by twenty-four circular maps for finding the stars at different dates and hours. We imagine the scale of these, however, is too small for the purpose.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES LAMB.*

"I FOLLOW still the footing of thy feet." Such might have been the motto to this kindly and modest memorial, in which, to borrow a phrase from the Preface, "affectionate allegiance" is certainly the pervading spirit. To trace out the doomed or disappearing haunts and habitations of Lamb; to note his breathing-places before he lay down in that last sleep at Edmonton; to catch back something from the iconoclast and the municipal devastator—these things have been Dr. Martin's task. It is a task that was well worth performing, and we may be thankful for the way in which it has been accomplished. Dr. Martin is no carpet-topographer, reviving antiquity with an almanac and an ordnance map. Like Mr. Micawber, of immortal memory, he goes and sees the Medway; and, luckily for him, it is not yet too late. Time, that has carted away Dryden's house, and Byron's birthplace, and Milton's home in Petty France, has still preserved not a few of the abodes in which Lamb sojourned. To all of these in succession Dr. Martin has travelled:—from Crown Row ("place of my kindly engender"), where "Elia" was born, to Bay Cottage, where he died. He has haunted Christ's Hospital for memories; he has striven to call up the shade of the South Sea House; he has laboured, under the lineaments of Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, to recover the "Blakesmoor" of the *Essays* with its "triple terraces" and its "sunbaked southern wall"; he has read under the Widford elms the epitaph on Lamb's grandmother; he has re-enacted, on its site at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, that terrible tragedy of his sister's frenzy; he has found out the sign of "The Feathers"; he has interviewed the very pump in Hare Court, of which "the water was so excellent cold, with brandy, and not very insipid without";—in fine, he has tracked Lamb's rusty figure from the Temple to Covent Garden; from Covent Garden to Islington; from Islington to Enfield; from Enfield to Edmonton Churchyard. And though his book is neither systematically biographical, nor of set purpose critical, it has a mingling of both, with a something better than either—a perfect loyalty of manner and matter, a genuine reverence, and a total absence of anything like literary patronage. The gross result of his volume, when at last we stand face to face with Mr. Fulleylove's clever sketch of Lamb's tombstone (on which Cary's inordinate and feeble epitaph is happily illegible), is that the author's genial and sympathetic gossip has, if possible, heightened and intensified our regard for the man whom Mr. Swinburne has happily characterized as "the best beloved of English writers." If we read Dr. Martin aright, this is the praise that he will value most. To write of Lamb at all is a privilege; to write of him unworthily would be a crime.

For the rest, it must be confessed that the illustrations are a little unequal, and the size of the page, dictated, no doubt, by the large scale of one or two of the designs, is somewhat unusual. Mr. Fulleylove is at his best in Edmonton Church and the two Enfield houses; while Mr. Herbert Railton (surely the born pictorial chronicler of vanishing London!) is excellent in the cottage in Colebrook Row and in 34 Southampton Buildings. But since a critic must be fault-finding, it seems a pity to have introduced the smaller cuts at pp. 32 and 39, which are out of keeping with the rest. It would have been better to have Railtonized them, after the fashion of the sketch at p. 26, the more so because Mr. Railton has a positive genius for this species of pictorial adaptation. With respect to the text, too, we may note, without condemnation of Dr. Martin, that the anecdote of Goldsmith which he recalls at p. 13 scarcely bears cross-questioning. If it is intended to imply that Goldsmith was too poor to give away a copy of the *Deserted Village* before he became rich by the success of the *Good Natur'd Man*, matter-of-fact has no option but to observe that the *Good Natur'd Man* belongs to 1768 and the *Deserted Village* to 1770. The story might be true of *The Traveller*, which belongs to 1764. But *garrit fabellas aniles*—the "aged school-dame's" story is plainly apocryphal. It is contrary to all we know of Goldsmith to suppose that he was ever too poor to present any one with an eighteen-penny copy of his own poem. It may also interest Dr. Martin to know that, in his admirable little volume on the *Town of Cowper*, Mr. Thomas Wright gives a fuller and somewhat different account of the composition of *John Gilpin* from the conventional one which is referred to at p. 135, à propos of the Bell at

* In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. With a Bibliography by E. D. North. London: Bentley. 1891.

Edmonton. We should add that the careful and very minute Bibliography—the first, as far as we are aware—which Mr. E. D. North has added to the *Footprints of Lamb* adds considerably to the value of the book. From the list of first editions we learn that *John Woodvil* (with autograph) has fetched 111. 15s.; *Mrs. Leicester's School*, 2nd edn., 16l. 10s.; *Tales from Shakespeare*, 14l. 14s.; the rare *Poetry for Children*, 35l.; *Prince Dorus*, 45l.; *Beauty and the Beast*, 34l.; while the original editions of the *Essays* produced but 11l. 15s. It would be interesting if we could hear Lamb's comment upon this significant schedule of prices.

HORACE WALPOLE.*

THIS beautiful volume which was, we believe, composed for the Grolier Club of New York has two different attractions or classes of attraction. In the first place, it is printed as well as American printers can print (though not without an occasional lapse into such absurdities as "knowl-edge," which, if it means anything, means the brow or summit of a knowl or knoll), the page being well set in the midst of an ample but not extravagant margin of unsized paper, and it is further decorated with a decent profusion of page-plates and of very elegant head and tail pieces from the pencils of Percy and Léon Moran. The execution of these is on the whole excellent, though occasionally the etchings are less sharply printed than they might be, and we could have willingly spared a dead Chatterton, sprawling all over the page, who is both painful and irrelevant. But these exterior attractions are as nothing to Mr. Dobson's admirable narrative of a life and character which he has at his fingers' ends, and which, perhaps, nobody living is so well qualified, not merely by knowledge, but also by disposition, to relate as himself. There are, we believe, but very few copies of the book for sale, and everybody who knows a possession in the book way when he sees it should make haste to procure one.

A great deal has been written on Horace Walpole; but we almost think that this is the first study of him which is at once competent and fair. Mr. Dobson, as in duty bound, speculates (or rather mentions the speculations of others) as to the reason of the dead set which Macaulay made on Horace. We do not know that it is necessary to seek far to account for it. There was hardly anything that Macaulay would not sacrifice for the opportunity of a string of crackling and sparkling antitheses, and Walpole gave him an almost unmatched opportunity of the kind both in his own person and as contrasted with his father. If anything more was needed it was to be found in the fact that Lord Orford, as distinguished from Mr. Walpole, became almost, if not altogether, a Tory at the last; but we hardly think that anything more was needed. To anybody who wants not to crackle and sparkle, but to judge, Walpole presents a very different spectacle. As a man we do not know that it is possible to like him very much, and even as a man of taste he must be considered with a good deal of allowance. He was not such a fribble, or so affected, or so wilfully eccentric, or so much of a gentleman-usher as Macaulay makes out; but, without using the BBB pencil which it pleased the essayist to employ, a tolerably dark picture might be drawn of his frivolity, his affectation, his deliberate eccentricity, his courtiership. He very handsomely acknowledged his own faults in the Gray matter, and Gray must have been a very trying friend. We have always thought that the imputations made on him in that of Chatterton were excessively unjust and a little childish. But it would be vain to attempt to clear him of the charge of self-absorption and indifference to the welfare of others. In short, the best way by far is to take him as the subject neither of indictment, nor of advocacy, but of enlightened, charitable, interested, and interesting comment. This is what Mr. Dobson has done. He has followed "Horry" from his cradle—his dubious and scandal-beshaded cradle—to the grave which called him away from the Strawberry and the Miss Berrys of his delight. He has judiciously culled from the letters many, but not too many, of their best things. He has, besides a formal list of productions of the Strawberry Hill Press, given some notice of that institution in the text. He has described the way in which "Strawberry" itself rose from a modest cottage to the dignity of a Gothic or pseudo-Gothic castle, with a gallery more than fifty feet long, and a Round tower and a cloister, and all the rest of it. He has given plans of the building and notes on the principal curios, whereof he very justly remarks that, if they had been disposed of in our time, instead of to the comparatively indifferent public of fifty years ago, there would have been a very different sort of competition for them. Of the various friends of Horace, from Kitty Clive to Lady Aylesbury, and from Gilly Williams to my Lord Bath, he has taken due, and not undue, notice. He has once more printed that letter to Rousseau which was not very admirable French even after it had been revised by half the wits of Paris, and which, considering Rousseau's known idiosyncrasy and his great, if not undeserved, sufferings, was one of the most thoroughly bad-hearted things that Horace ever did. Best of all, he has fused all these and many other matters into a fluent and agreeable narrative, nowhere tricked and frowncd with bookmaker's graces, everywhere furnished with a solidity and minuteness of information to which no bookmaker could pretend.

* *Horace Walpole: a Memoir.* With an Appendix of Books printed at the Strawberry Hill Press. By Austin Dobson. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

So that, while as book-lovers we rejoice at the beauty of the book, we cannot help being a little sorry that its limited issue will prevent it from being generally accessible. There is certainly nothing so good available elsewhere for any one who wants to know what Walpole really was and really did, without the task—agreeable enough to a lover of literature with plenty of time at his disposal, but herculean to any one else—of going through the thousands of letters and the not inconsiderable baggage of other work that he accumulated.

CORRESPONDENCE OF PRINCESS LIEVEN AND EARL GREY.*

WITH this third volume Mr. le Strange brings his edition and translation of the Lieven-Grey Correspondence to an end. The lady's French is, as it was in the two others, flowingly rendered and not overburdened with notes, though all that absolutely requires explanation is explained. One curious slip we note in the text—the expression "to orient myself somewhat in Petersburg society." This is good Florac, but it is not an idiomatic rendering of "m'orienter," which we take to be the word used by the Princess. The note on p. 224 contains a distinct error in a matter of fact, as his text, which speaks of the "raising of the siege" of Bilbao being "useful to Palmerston" should have shown Mr. le Strange. His note runs, "Bilbao, which the Carlists surrendered on December 24, had been besieged by General Espartero, assisted by the British Legion." The siege then was not raised, and if it had been, in what way could the defeat of the British Legion have been useful to its creator Palmerston? Mr. le Strange has reversed the rôles of the parties. Bilbao was never in possession of the Carlists. It was besieged by them, and relieved by Espartero and the British Legion, which explains the expression in Lord Grey's letter. This is the extent of our fault-finding. This third volume will be found more interesting, we should think, than the first or second. The interest does not lie in the political information it contains, or the comment either correspondent makes on what there is. An expression frequently used by the Princess criticizes all this larger portion of the letters pretty thoroughly. She is continually crying "I only know, or you only tell me, 'the bare fact.'" There is too much of the "bare fact" which we can learn from a hundred handbooks. The comment on that fact, which is what can alone give abiding interest to letters on politics, is, to be frank, of the flattest. One does not really need to have been Premier to see, like Lord Grey, that the Spaniards are an extraordinary people, and that nobody knows what they will do next. This is a fair sample of his Whig lordship's profound observations. The Princess is rather better, and we applaud her for saying, as she does as early as 1835, that Peel was really a Whig. Still, even she has nothing to say which a thousand contemporaries of very average intelligence could not have said, and did not say. The whole correspondence is, in fact, a warning to those who think private information is necessary to entitle man or woman to an opinion of politics. Here were two well-informed people, if there ever were, and yet, let any one compare their letters with, say, Mallet du Pan, and he will see the difference between the real political critic, and the intelligent but merely commonplace person who, by the accident of birth, has been put in the way of learning the moves of the players a week sooner than the rest of the world.

The true interest of the volume is personal. It lies in the picture given of two people grown old, left solitary by death of friends, and stranded by time and tide. From her exile in St. Petersburg, where snow and ice make her long for the "beautiful climate of England" (so true is it that good and evil are comparative), the Princess writes that she stifles in the frivolous boredom of the Court, in spite of the goodness of the Czar. She appeals to Grey to tell her something. He gives her "the bare fact," and advises her to read the *Times*, though it is "the most infamous of all papers." The Princess wants something not communicated to the vulgar herd who read the *Times*. Lord Grey has nothing to tell, and very frankly says after a time that it is because nobody any longer tells him anything. This tiresome duet is at last broken by something with a ring of sincerity in it. The Princess's two boys died one soon after the other, and the woman breaks into a passion of grief, which is (God forgive us for saying so!) a blessed relief amid the musty odds and ends of political commonplace. Then her health gave way, and she escaped from St. Petersburg to Paris. With the fear of death before her, and, as we very clearly see, the terror of unutterable boredom at the Russian Court, she refused to go back. Her resolution offended Nicholas, and he showed his annoyance in a very characteristic way. Prince Lieven was refused leave to see his wife. The Prince, who, as his wife says, was "at the mercy of Court favour or disfavour," believed, or affected to believe, as the Czar did. He was, no doubt, right in suspecting that it was not only her health which kept the Princess at Paris, but it was a strong measure on his part to avoid Paris ostentatiously when he did get leave; and if, as his wife alleges, he carried favour with his master by leaving her to learn of the death of a third son by the return of a letter through the dead-letter office, he must have been guilty of the most abject form of Russian Court

* *Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey.* Edited and Translated by Guy le Strange. Vol. III. 1834 to 1841. London: Bentley.

flunkeyism. He died himself soon after, and was, perhaps, innocent of this brutality. The Princess grew more solitary, more convinced that "as one advances in age one must needs admit how much the sorrow in life surpasses the sum of its joys." To Russia she would not go back without assurance that the "widow of Prince Lieven" would be properly received. The Russian ambassador, to whom this was said at Paris, turned the conversation, and talked of many things. The Princess remained at Paris, making subacid remarks about the dear Czar. Her letters to Grey begin to contain complaints that he does not answer, and his replies to abound in excuses for the interruption caused by business. He had found time to write when he was busier and they were younger. Their correspondence seems to have died a natural death about four years before the Earl's end. It had subsisted for some time on family news, the inferiority of Wellington to a model Whig, and the wickedness and stupidity of Lord Palmerston. In the *Greville Memoirs* it is recorded how John (or was it Thomas?) met the Princess grown old, and they mutually agreed that, when you have no ideas of your own, it is sad to be left without information by a world which gets on without you. An old age of cards is gayer, and not less respectable. In the latter end of Earl Grey, the family man appears in kindly colours, and now and then the eighteenth-century noble peeps out nicely. His quiet remark that his son, the Colonel, is about to marry a pretty Miss Farquhar, and that he really does not know how they propose to exist, is bland and pleasing. More characteristic, too, is his comment in 1836 on the peerages of Peppys, Bickersteth, and Campbell (the last being the Stratheden title for his wife):—"I confess that three law peerages at once are more than are quite suited to my taste, particularly when I look at the tribe which has already been introduced into the House of Lords." There spoke the very soul of the "old Whig connexion."

DANTE ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES.*

THIS very charming little volume is described as having been "sent out to his classes by the Rev. Dr. Whyte, of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh." We do not know what the Rev. Dr. Whyte's classes may be; but, if they frequently have books of this kind sent out to them, we can only say that this "class privilege" is no idle word. The book is very prettily bound, and quite charmingly printed, by the famous house whose name it bears. As a large-paper issue it deserves the praise—rare of the rarest, as far as English books are concerned—of having the interior margins properly adjusted to the exterior; and not, as is too often the case, presenting an ordinary page, gawkily lengthened at bottom and side, but with text set in and hunched up towards the top, just as if it were on small paper. The notes, which are not extensive, have been arranged by the Rev. J. Sutherland Black, with a combination of knowledge and reticence worthy of great praise, so as to provide the student who is commencing Dante with exactly the right amount of chronological and bibliographical information. We have hardly noticed a doubtful statement of Mr. Black's, except that Duns Scotus was born in Scotland; wherein, perhaps, patriotism has a little "underwritten" probability, and tried to convert it into certainty. The bibliography proper might have been a little extended; but the "Dante Chronology" and "Dante's Library" could not easily have been bettered.

The feature of the book, however, is the illustrations; and these, for felicity and originality, it is not easy to overpraise. It is the constant fault of illustrators of Dante, as of illustrators of others of the very greatest writers, that their attempts are too elaborate, and thus enter into a competition, at once close and hopeless, with the text itself. Colour and line, great as they are, can but lag behind language, which holds of the Logos, and is divine. Mrs. Traquair has wisely chosen a very peculiar style, which is, on the whole, more like that of Callot than any other we can think of at the moment, though something like it has been tried with Dante before. The figures are very small, they and the other details are almost wholly in outline, and there is, for the most part, no attempt at background. The singularity of this may, at first, rather startle the unlearned and ignorant, but even on some of these its good effect cannot long fail to take hold; while those to whom methods are comparatively indifferent, provided they are well selected for the special purpose and well carried out, will need no reconciling. The plates of the Earthly Paradise and its visions may be specified as remarkably satisfactory; while the figure of Beatrice is, on the whole, very well caught and imagined. Indeed, the method is particularly well suited to the whole of the *Paradiso* illustrations; the cornices of Purgatory are well rendered; and in the *Inferno* the plunge on Geryon into Malebolge may be selected as one of the most successful.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, PAST AND PRESENT.†

THIS, the third volume of *The Church of Scotland*, is written by the Rev. T. B. W. Niven, whose name we do not remember to have previously seen among those of Scottish authors. The Editor's selection of Mr. Niven as one of his coadjutors is,

* *Dante Illustrations and Notes*. By Phoebe Anne Traquair and J. S. Black. Edinburgh: privately printed by Constable & Co.

† *The Church of Scotland, Past and Present*. Vol. III. Edited by R. H. Story, D.D. London: William Mackenzie.

however, fully justified by the result. The important period of the history of the Kirk entrusted to him, that extending from the Revolution of 1688 to the present time, is treated by Mr. Niven in a very intelligent manner, and in a style that is always simple and clear. He approaches his subject from the point of view of what is called, in Scotland, a "Moderate"—that is to say, a constitutional churchman. We have not seen the Kirk's relation to lay patronage, its attitude to the eighteenth century Dissenters, who now constitute what is called the "U.P." body, nor the whole battle with the Courts of law which ended in the secession of the "Free Church" in 1843, set forth and justified more temperately and clearly than in Mr. Niven's pages. The obstinate and self-righteous intolerance of the first seceders, and the spiritual arrogance of the "non-intrusionists" of 1843, are exposed with a frankness and truth which will not be relished by the members of these sects, which form now the stronghold of the bigoted Gladstonianism of Scotland. The volume will throw a clear light on the true character of these dissensions, to those who go to it for enlightenment. The growth and expansion of the National Church in every department of ecclesiastical thought and action, since the last secession, are proved by the irrefragable testimony of facts and figures, which Mr. Niven adduces in an order and quantity fatal to the often-repeated allegation of the Disestablishers, that the "Old Kirk" is effete, indolent, and retrogressive. It is perfectly evident that it is the very reverse; and these latest pages of its latest history bear the most conclusive witness to the fact.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ANDRÉ THEURIET'S *Reine des bois* (1) has, we think, already appeared in a more splendid edition; it now puts itself at the disposition of readers in the ordinary "three-fifty" form. Everything that M. Theuriet writes is worth reading; and, though we do not know that this is of his best, it is of his good. The title-story of *Histoire invraisemblable* (2) deserves some praise for ingenious management. The problem is, Who has committed two horrible but quite untraceable murders, which tax the skill of a clever young *procureur*, and puzzle him and everybody else completely, till a third sets the matter out of all doubt in a sufficiently terrible way? The ingenuity lies in this—at the very opening of the story the reader (at least, if we may judge by ourselves) hits on the true solution, and is then cleverly conducted away from it, and led to fix upon a false one till the very moment of the actual discovery. The trick is not, of course, new—what trick is?—but it is good and well done. Of the second and longer story we cannot speak so well. A widow who after six years' marriage "awakes to love" is quite a possible, but a difficult, subject, and not very interesting. And there is an old doctor who says, "Le sourire, c'est le parfum de la jeunesse." Now really an old man ought to know better than to talk like that. *Les fiançailles de Thérèse* (3) comes, we think, more completely up to the conception of the "Nouvelle Collection" in which it appears—a collection which was to be not uninteresting but rigidly *honnête*—than any of the preceding numbers, good as some of them have been. The description of the curious country household, with its vagrant head—a doctor who wanders about the world on steamers to console himself for the loss of his wife—his charming Creole daughter and her learned cousin, who has made himself village school-master on purpose to be near her, who adores her, and whom she adores, though she for a long time never thinks of him except as a kind of infinitely elder brother, is emphatically "pretty" and capitally managed. Whether it is, even with the developments given to it by the arrival of a family of Parisians, quite long enough or strong enough to bear a whole volume may cause differences of opinion. We think that, given the object of the series, it is. M. Léo Trézénik's book is also a Norman, or at least a *Percheron*, study, but it is of a much harder and less rose-pink kind, though it is by no means in the manner of naturalist. "Uncle Cyril" (4) is a rich ex-cheapjack, of libertine antecedents, who has invested largely in land from his savings and from legacies, but who lives alone in a dwelling at the top of a hill, by the side of which is a legendary chasm called the Trou au Viau [Veau]. He has two nieces—one a prude and a screw, who has married a countryman; the other a sentimental young person who has been bullied into marrying a bagman of evil manners, and who runs away with his friend. The respectable niece and her husband watch in the most painful manner for Uncle Cyril's *magot*, find it out after his mysterious death by much searching, and are deprived of it in a manner equally mysterious. The book is not without merit, but here also there is scarcely a sufficient amount of character-drawing to carry the interest through.

It is probable that, in its original English form, Mr. Spiers's edition of Vigny's (Mr. Spiers shall have the credit of not calling

(1) *Reine des bois*. Par André Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Histoire invraisemblable*. Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Les fiançailles de Thérèse*. Par Mme. Stanislas-Meunier: Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

(4) *Le magot de l'Oncle Cyril*. Par Léo Trézénik. Paris: Charpentier.

him de Vigny) *Canne de jonc* (5) may have been noticed by us. It seems to have obtained sufficient favour over-seas to be reproduced. The text is a very good reading-book. Mr. Spiers's notes take the too usual form of not very good translations. His introduction is very brief, and it might easily be better. The "sensuous vagueness of Lamartine" is a most remarkable discovery; certainly no one before Mr. Spiers has found much sensuousness in Lamartine, who cut out the best stanza in *Le lac* because it talked of hearts being close together. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who was so fond of contrasting the good taste of French with the bad taste of English, would not have liked the words "Another dramatic writer who, though alive, is even more completely forgotten than Etienne." And we own that a writer who talks about "the weary perusal of the self-consciously involved and neologistic poetry of most of the writers of the contemporary school" seems to be rather terribly in want of the "needed rest" which, he says, Vigny affords after that perusal.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A PLEA for Liberty, edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay (John Murray), comprises a dozen essays against Socialistic legislation, by the editor and other writers, with an Introduction by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Liberty threatened by Socialism is a subject that offers a variety of illustration. It has inspired Mr. Stanley Robinson to put forth a cogent and lively exposition of the "Impracticability of Socialism." Mr. Herbert Spencer is, as everybody knows, opposed to Socialism, because he is in favour of progress, and Socialism, he conceives, is essentially retrogressive. The very title of his essay—"From Freedom to Bondage"—indicates his position, and admirably accords with the clearness and force of his argument. Nothing could be more convincing and complete than Mr. Spencer's comparison of society under the rule of voluntary co-operation and society in the bonds of Socialistic or compulsory co-operation. The Socialistic idea is vitiated by its inherent tendency to tyranny. The complex machinery of control over production which Socialism would establish must, as Mr. Spencer shows, inevitably result in the worst form of despotism. "The ultimate result," he concludes, "must be a society like that of ancient Peru, dreadful to contemplate, in which the mass of the people, elaborately regimented in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000, ruled by officers of corresponding grades, and tied to their districts, were superintended in their private lives as well as in their industries, and toiled hopelessly for the support of the governmental organization." "That evils admit of immediate and radical remedies" is, says Mr. Spencer, "a fundamental error common to nearly all parties, social and political." The legislative results of this general belief are but vain or doubtful, and too often measures are enacted that intensify the evils they are designed to cure. "Try a new position" is, indeed, but fallacious advice when it leads to hasty legislation at the bidding of angry unphilosophic discontent. The subject is illustrated in some of the remaining essays; by Mr. M. D. O'Brien, for example, who defines "Free Libraries" as "Socialists' continuation schools," and asks what necessity there is for these free circulating libraries of fiction, when excellent reprints of the "best books" may be bought for a few pence a volume. Statistics show that these free libraries are of little or no educational value. They simply provide people, most of whom could well afford to buy books or subscribe to Mudie's, with an abundant supply of popular fiction. Other notable contributions to the volume are by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, who discusses "The Limits of Liberty"; Mr. George Howell, M.P., whose "Liberty for Labour" is a thoughtful review of recent or threatened legislative measures concerning labour and capital; Mr. Charles Fairfield, who treats of "State Socialism in the Antipodes," and the Rev. B. H. Alford, who supplies an excellent paper on the working of the Education Acts and the present position of Free Education. An eloquent plea for a free labour market by Mr. Auberon Herbert, who deals with Trades-Unionism in a vigorous spirit, cannot fail to arrest every reader of this interesting book.

"I cannot expect to please everybody" is the sensible admission of Professor J. M. Garnett with reference to his *Selections in English Prose* (Boston: Ginn & Co.); "some will criticize omissions, others inclusions." And some, perhaps, will go to the root of the matter, and examine the standard of excellence set up by the selector. While Mr. Garnett speaks in handsome terms of the essay prefixed to Mr. Saintsbury's *Specimens of English Prose Style*, he considers that Mr. Saintsbury's book contains "too many authors and too brief specimens of their style." But what is a "specimen"? Surely the length of the extract has nothing whatever to do with its representative value? Mr. Garnett, for example, gives Scott's "Essay on the Drama," and De Quincey's *Shakespeare* from the "Biographies." Now, no student of these writers can doubt but that a page or two from *Old Mortality*, and less than this from the *Suspiria*, were infinitely more characteristic "specimens" than those of Mr. Garnett's choice. We have little to urge against Mr. Garnett's selection of authors, except we would there were more represented. The book begins with *Euphues* and ends with Carlyle. It contains thirty-three specimens. There is no reason, perhaps, that Lyly should not

head the list, but there is abundant reason against Mr. Garnett's view that "Lyly's comedies were the first worthy of consideration from a literary point of view," unless, indeed, that point of view justifies an utter ignoring of what constitutes the genius of comedy, as displayed in the inimitable comic spirit of *Roister Doister*. Pale and languid is the Lyly compared with the full-blown flowering of that elder growth.

The first volume of Dr. Martineau's *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses* (Longmans & Co.), selected and revised by the author, comprises a variety of papers originally printed in the *Monthly Repository* and other Reviews, arranged chronologically, and forming "an autobiographical commentary on the larger systematic writings for which they have gradually prepared the way." The edition will include political essays which Dr. Martineau had at one time determined to withhold as "pamphlets of ancient history," but a selection of which he finally decided to preserve. The decision is one that will give pleasure to many. Of the essays in this volume, we have that on "Foreign Policy for 1856," and that on "International Duties," written the year before, both of which are memorable utterances that may yet be profitably read by all who follow Russian policy in the East. The bulk of the volume, however, consists of "Personal Sketches," papers on Priestley, Arnold, Comte, Schleiermacher, Coleridge, J. H. Newman, Carlyle, and others.

An excellent translation of Mathilde Serao's *Fantasia* forms the new volume of Mr. Heinemann's "International Library." This is a novel of remarkable power, and, despite the obvious influence of French models, of striking individuality. Defects of taste there are—defects that are inartistic, too—as in the reference made to one of Flaubert's works by Andrea when he elopes with Lucia; but the charm of the author's imaginative art holds us as an irresistible spell. The "minute prosaic observation," of which Mr. Gosse speaks, though at times excessive, is very different from the insufferable method practised in much Russian and American fiction. There is not, for example, a single superfluous line, or one little touch that has not significance, in the wonderful description of Lucia in her sitting-room (iii.) luxuriating amid the visible emblems of her morbid spirit.

There is more of audacious invention than imagination in *The Lost Quipus*, by L. Madreyhijo (Eden, Remington, & Co.), a romance of the last of the Incas and the discovery of the ancient treasures of Cuzco. The story is vigorously written, and will divert lovers of the marvellous.

The aggrieved parishioner is, perhaps, a more familiar figure than the aggrieved curate of whom a very explicit sketch—real, not fictitious—is presented in *The Curate of Rigg*, by W. H. H. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). The experience of the curate, though sad, is by no means inexplicable. He was clearly not a model of tact, yet not less clearly was he the victim of persecution to some extent. W. H. H. suggests a strike or combination of curates; or, better still, more power to the "Augmentation Fund," or the "Clergy Pension Fund." We hope his true story will tend to swell the funds of these institutions.

Faith, Fact and Fancy, "by 'Catholicus Anglicanus' and his Wife" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is an odd miscellany of verse and prose on themes religious and secular, reprinted from newspapers and magazines. The contents are mostly of the nature of notes, and a trifle fragmentary. A poem on the "Last of the Red Indians" is surely premature.

A book entitled *How to Earn the Drawing Grants* (Heywood) is somewhat suggestive of offering instruction to the teacher how to teach. The object of this book is to simplify the part of the teacher in elementary schools, especially with regard to the three lower Standards; and in this Mr. Alfred Gardiner's explicit and well-illustrated handbook should, we imagine, prove eminently successful.

We should not have expected to find shell-cutting and etching accounted "Home Arts," yet we have in the series "Darton's Manuals for Home Work," published by Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co., Mr. John B. Marsh's *Cameos*, a practical guide to the art of cutting cameos, and Mr. G. W. Rhead's *Etching*, a brief account of the various technical processes practised by etchers. Both these little books are illustrated.

The Rev. John Richard Burton's *History of Kidderminster* (Elliot Stock) is based largely on unpublished MSS. in the British Museum, or private ownership, and is a satisfactory example of local or parochial history.

In his *History of Hendon* (Simpkin & Co.), Mr. Edward T. Evans has followed the admirable example of Gilbert White in the topography and "delineation" of the Middlesex parish. He writes for the inhabitant of the parish, and is an agreeable writer. But Mr. Evans, we think, is scarcely correct when he says, after citing Park, that there are no ferns growing wild near Hendon, or at Hampstead.

Among new editions we note *The Stuart Dynasty*, by Percy Melville Thornton (Ridgway), a cheap re-issue of a most interesting book, and the fifth edition of the first, or elementary, part of Mr. E. J. Routh's treatise *On the Dynamics of a System of Rigid Bodies* (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received *A Text-Book of Chemical Physiology and Pathology*, by W. D. Halliburton, M.D. &c. (Longmans & Co.); *A New Psychology*, by the Rev. George Jamieson, D.D. (Edinburgh: Elliot); *The Epistles to Titus, Philemon and the Hebrews*, being a volume of the Rev. M. F. Sadler's "Church Commentary on the New Testament" (Bell & Sons); *The Blind Apostle*, a sketch of the life of Gaston de Ségur, by Kathleen

(5) *La canne de jonc*. Par A. de Vigny. Edited by V. J. T. Spiers. Boston (Mass.): Heath & Co.

O'Meara, with a preface by Cardinal Manning (Burns & Oates); *Pilgrims in Palestine*, by Violet Hodgson (Putnam's Sons); *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, arranged by A. E. Layng (Blackie & Son); *Selections for German Composition, with Notes*, by Charles Harris (Boston: Heath & Co.); *The Public Schools Year Book*, in two parts, Educational and Athletic, 1890-91 (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Fuels, Solid, Liquid, and Gaseous*, a Handbook for Chemists and Engineers, by H. Joshua Phillip (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Petrology*, an introductory manual on the Igneous Rocks, by F. H. Hatch, F.G.S. (Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Mineral Wealth of India*, a pamphlet by Captain C. C. Townsend, R.A., in which the necessity for the development of the iron ores of India is clearly set forth (Bombay: Thacker & Co.); *Evolution*, by W. A., a selection from the correspondence of "two young truth-seekers" (Simpkin & Co.); *Professor Koch's Cure for Consumption*, "clearly explained for the general reader," by Dr. H. Feller (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *What Ails the Baby?* by Dr. John Dewar, a brief, yet admirably practical, handbook for mothers and nurses (Paterson & Co.); *Interstellar Ether*, by Alfred Senior Merry (Stanford); *Why I Left Congregationalism*, by G. S. Reaney (Clarke & Co.); *London Past and Present*, by J. Ashton Ainscough (Elliot Stock); *Beyond the Veil*, by the Author of "Earth's Many Waters" (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Haunted Man*, by Charles Dickens (Cassell & Co.); *A Strange Wooing*, by Charles Gibbons (Ward & Downey); *A Village Priest*, from the French of Henri Cauvain, by Albert D. Vandam (Trischler & Co.); and *Friendly Leaves*, the volume for 1890 (Wells Gardner & Co.).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANT's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUFERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

At Nice Copies are on sale at Messrs. GALIGNANT's LIBRARY, and at Cannes at the LIBRAIRIE MAILLAN.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,841, FEBRUARY 7, 1891:

- Chronicle.*
The Parnellite Situation. *The Eton Peepshow.*
The Bahring Sea Dispute. *Knighthood by Compulsion.*
Signor Crispini's Resignation.
The Failure of Fancy Balls. *Portugal's Last Chance.*
The New Rifle and the Old Gun. *In 'Trust, or on Trust?*
The Two Stories. *The Oppression of the Law*
The R. and R. Bill. *The Abuse of Revolvers.*
- Italian and the Civil Service.*
"Ivanhoe." *Corps Artillery.*
Money Matters. *Among the Kurds—II* *Meissonier.*
Before the Footlights. *The Weather.*
- Beside the Fire.*
Thackeray. *Leicestershire Church Plate.*
William Muirhead. *Educational Reformers.* *Mazzini.*
Two Books of Travel. *Novels.* *Classical Books.*
Handbook and Atlas of Astronomy.
In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. *Horace Walpole.*
Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey.
Dante Illustrations and Notes.
The Church of Scotland, Past and Present.
French Literature. *New Books and Reprints.*

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.O.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—MATINEE, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING TO-DAY (Saturday), at 2. To-night THE LYONS MAIL and next Saturday Night, February 14, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Night. RAVENSWOOD every Friday Night. THE BELLS Saturday Night, February 21. MATINEES, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Saturdays, February 15 and 22. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Lessee and Manageress.—Every Evening at 8, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra, Mr. Coghlan as Antony. For Cast see daily papers. Doors Open at 7.30. Carriages at 11. Box-office open 10 to 5. Telephone, 366. Last MATINEE TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 2.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

ANATOLIAN CARPETS.

TURKEY and ANATOLIAN STAIR CARPETS. The Largest Collection in Europe. ANATOLIAN CARPETS in every size from 8 ft. by 6 ft. up to the exceptional dimensions of 40 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, as well as an unusually ample variety for Stairs and Corridors, in widths ranging from 27 to 54 inches.

MAPLE & CO. receive weekly consignments of these CARPETS, and invite intending purchasers to examine and compare both quality and price before deciding elsewhere. Such carpets are in many instances reproductions of the most unique examples of the seventeenth century.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

ANATOLIAN and TURKEY CARPETS. The Finest Collection in Europe.—MAPLE & CO. enjoy the greatest facilities for getting Anatolian and Turkey Carpets of superior quality and finish, having their own agents at Ouchak, who personally supervise the dyeing and weaving. Purchasers of Anatolian and Turkey carpets will save all intermediate profits by buying from MAPLE & CO.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. MILD and Equable climate. First-class return railway ticket from London (Waterloo) and seven days Board, Room, &c. Five Guineas. Ask for Hotel Tickets.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,

20 BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Reserve Fund £85,000.

Shares issued to December 31, 1890, receive five per cent. Four per cent. paid on F shares (£30 each) during Financial Year of issue. Five per cent. after first year. Five per cent. paid on Deposits of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms. Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice Four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary,

H. TEMPLE.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE PER CENT. INTEREST ON DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO PER CENT. ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuable; the Collection of Bills or Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN AND CATTLE TROUGH ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

BANKERS: MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSON, BOUVIER, & CO.
 117 Victoria Street, E.W. M. W. MILTON, Secretary.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Price from £4 4s.

TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Annual Sale, 700,000 Machines.

Easy to Buy, Easy to Learn, Easy to Work.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Management for the United Kingdom:

39 FOSTER LANE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

AND 497 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND.

THE ORIENT LINE STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY, for the above Colonies, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO. STEAMERS among the LARGEST and FASTEST afloat. High-class Cuisine. Electric Lighting. Hot and Cold Baths, Good Ventilation, and every comfort.

Managers: (F. GREEN & CO.)
 (ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.
 For freight or passage apply to the latter firm.